The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For much assistance with the Morris illustrations in this number, and for kindly permitting us to reproduce certain photographs, drawings, and designs, we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. William Morris, Miss May Morris, Mr. S. C. Cockerell, Mr. H. C. Marillier (Managing Director of Morris & Co.), Messrs. Longmans, Mr. Emery Walker, Mr. Fredk. Hollyer, Mr. Fredk. H. Evans, and Mr. Arthur Mee, Editor of "The Children's Encyclopædia."

Messrs. Routledge have just added Morris's "Life and Death of Jason" to their admirable Muses Library series, with an introduction by John Drinkwater.

A brief sketch of "The Morris Movement," and of the firm founded by William Morris to carry out his designs and the industries revived or started by him, has been privately printed by Morris & Co. to commemorate the firm's fiftieth anniversary, which occurs in June next. It is an extremely interesting booklet, well and concisely written, and containing a good reproduction of Watts's portrait of Morris and several photographs.

Sir Alexander Lawrence is engaged on a biography of his grandfather Sir Henry Lawrence, of Lucknow fame.

"The Casement: A Diversion," is the title Mr. Frank Swinnerton has given to his new novel. It is a modern comedy set in a country scene, and will be published this month by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

A Life of Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is in course of preparation and will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. are publishing in March "From a Northern Window," a book of essays by various writers. The essays, all of

which are now first published, are historical, biographical, and imaginative, and the contributors include Ian Maclaren, Neil Munro, Sir James Cameron Lees, Lord Guthrie, Florence McCunn, and other well-known authors.

"Women of All Nations," under the editorship of Messrs. T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, has proved such a great success that Messrs. Cassell are reissuing it in fortnightly parts.

Yoshio Markino, the well-known Japanese artist, has written an article on various phases in the life of the English girl, and is contributing it to the February number of the *English Review*. He is calling it "John Bullesses," and has illustrated it in his own characteristic and inimitable manner.

Referring to a note in our January number on the success of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay's novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," Messrs. Putnam write to say that there has been such a rapidly increasing demand for the book that its sales have already risen from 17,000 to 70,000.

Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, whose latest novel we review on another page, is a barrister; he was called to the Bar in 1906, and made his first speech in public at the Bar of the House of Lords, and was paid the record fee on a first brief (£365) in the Norfolk Peerage case. He started writing before he was fifteen, and his first published work was a "Flora" of the district in which his school was situated. A year or two later he wrote the whole of the "Salop Annual" under a contract with a local printer, and it yielded him some kudos but no money. From the financial point of view his real beginning came when at the age of nineteen he was appointed editor of "Fairbairn's Book of Crests." Heraldry had theretofore been a hobby of his; now it became a source of profit, and led to a long connection with Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, for whom he has practically ever since had some book or other on hand. He has edited a number of books relating to genealogies and armorial bearings; was for several years editor of Dod's Peerage and has waged a long and continuous crusade against bogus arms and titles. He came to write fiction in a rather curious fashion. Sir Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories greatly fascinated him, but reading them from the barrister's standpoint he did not always agree with Sir Conan's conclusions, and wrote a sequel to one of his stories putting the criminal in it on his trial and getting him acquitted on Sherlock's own facts. He sent this to Conan Doyle, who complimented him on it and suggested that he should write a series of his own. He wrote instead "The Mauleverer Murders," "The Dangerfield Inheritance," and "Sir John Kynnersley," which were all three published in succession by Mr. John Lane.

Photo by Hoppé. **Alfred Russel Wallace.**

Whose new book, "The World of Life" (Macmillan), is reviewed on page 243.

Just about then the Times Book war broke out, and Mr. Fox-Davies published "The Average Man" at half-a-crown with Messrs. Routledge. It appeared a few days after "The Mauleverer Murders," and was equally well reviewed, but whilst the latter was a big success the former was a failure, because the booksellers objected to half-crown books. Messrs. White & Co. issued his next novel, "The Adventures of Colonel Marwood," but meanwhile he had written "The Sex Triumphant,"

which Messrs. Routledge published later at a shilling. Mr. John Long, who published Mr. Fox-Davies's last novel, "The Duplicate Death," has also published his new one. His fight against Mr. Keir Hardie at Merthyr Tydfil in the election of December, 1910, gave him a good deal of material that he has utilised in this new story, "The Testament of John Hastings," and for all his detective stories he gets plenty of hints from what he sees and hears in the ordinary course of his professional labours. The bulk of his work at the bar is Peerage and Chancery work, but "from sheer love of criminal work," he says, "I belong to the Old Bailey Mess and would far rather pay to hear a good criminal case any day than to go to a theatre, the apparent artificiality of which bores me to extinction, and I do flatter myself that, whatever may be said of their literary merits, my detective stories and the trials described in them are much nearer the real thing than is usual in fiction of this kind." At present, Mr. Fox-Davies has five or six novels partly written, and has just finished revising a new edition of his "Public Arms," which will be out shortly.

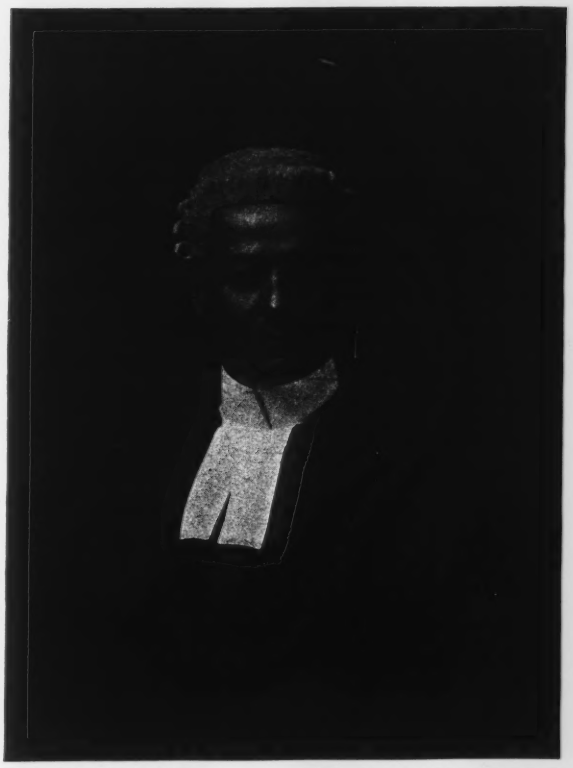
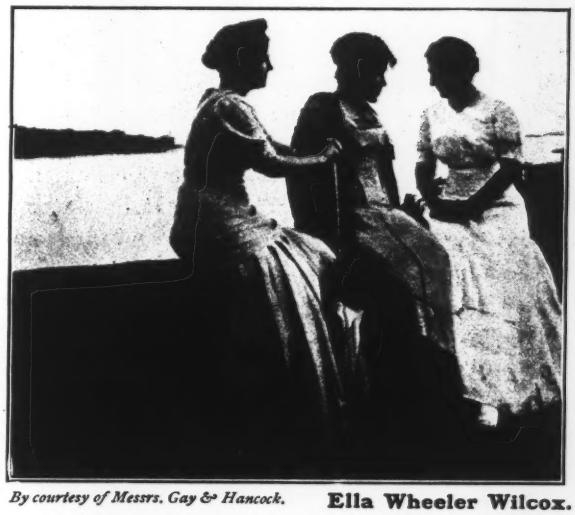


Photo by Reinhold Thiele. **Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies.**

Mr. William Reeves has in the press a new book called "Music-Drama of the Future," by the well-known composer Rutland Boughton and Reginald R. Buckley. It contains a dramatic poem, "Uther and Igraine," based upon the Arthurian legend, but very modern in expression; an introductory essay by Mr. Buckley deals with the rather curious history of this work, and Mr. Boughton treats of the question of Choral Drama, which is a new form combining the oratorio and the opera. Mr. Boughton is the author of other books, but is perhaps best known for his various Festival successes, which include a setting of Edward Carpenter's poem, "Midnight"; whilst Mr. Buckley is on the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and writes on art and social reform for the *Manchester Guardian*, the *World's Work*, and other papers.



By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock. **Ella Wheeler Wilcox.**

A new portrait taken by Mr. Wilcox.

Mrs. Wilcox is in the centre. To the left and right of her are Miss Rhoda Hero Duren and Miss Theodosia Garrison, two other well-known American poets.

Mrs. J. O. Arnold, whose first novel, "The Fiddler," is just published by Messrs. Alston Rivers, is the wife of Dr. Oliver Arnold, Professor of Metallurgy in the Sheffield University.

Mr. F. Raymond Coulson is well known as a journalist who has for many years past been attached to the staffs of certain of the leading Manchester papers, and his humorous writings in prose and verse have achieved an immense popularity throughout the North Country. About ten years ago he published with Messrs. Skeffington a volume of light verse, "A Jester's Jingles," that met with an immediate success, and has had a steady sale every year since. Messrs. Stanley Paul are issuing a new collection of Mr. Coulson's humorous verse under the title of "This Funny World." The same firm announce for this season "Two Girls and a Mannikin," a new novel by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren.

To celebrate the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible, the Oxford University Press will shortly issue a photographic reproduction of the Black Letter edition of 1611 with a full

bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard.

Mr. Keighley Snowden has completed a new novel called "The Equal Marriage," and the book is to be published this spring.

Messrs. Constable are issuing this month the Autobiography of Sir William Butler, a book of great interest that throws many important sidelights on the history of the last fifty years.

It must be two years or more since Mr. John Lane published that delightfully humorous novel "Love and the Ironmonger," and many of us have been wondering why the author of what was hailed as "the funniest tale since 'Vice Versa'" did not make haste to follow up such a brilliantly successful first book with another that was as funny or funnier, for real humour is as scarce as real poetry, and the man who can produce it ought to be taken care of. We are glad to know that Mr. Lane has at length secured a successor to "Love and the Ironmonger," and is publishing this spring a second novel by the same author. This new book, "The Bermondsey Twin," tells of the reappearance of a troublesome twin brother who was supposed to have died. He comes at the moment when his brother, a prosperous, self-complacent, respected suburban tradesman, is on the eve of marrying, and looks such a very undesirable relative that, for the sake of his reputation, and to avoid losing his bride by acknowledging that he will now have to halve his fortune, his brother attempts to conceal him, and the tricks played by the returned twin, who turns out to be a perfectly respectable person, involve his brother in all manner of difficulties, the two being so much alike that one is readily mistaken for the other. It seems to be a joyously irresponsible, farcical story that promises to even outrival the popularity of its predecessor.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. F. J. Randall.

Mr. F. J. Randall, the author of these two books, has not found life an altogether funny business, but he saw enough fun in it to make him laugh, and now he has the world laughing with him. He was born at Woolwich, and began by turning an ambitious eye simultaneously on the Royal Academy and the Army, but at thirteen he abandoned thoughts of the brush and the sword and became assistant to a clay-pipe maker. Then, and ever since, he has lived and worked in London, east west, north and south, and says he has found it such an endlessly interesting place that he does not want to live anywhere else, and thinks it would be foolish for him to travel, as there is more than enough material in London for anything he will ever wish to write, and as you could not finish exploring it in less than two or three life-times, he is anxious to cover as much ground as he can in the one that belongs to him. He passed from making pipes to serve as pawnbroker's assistant in the Mile End Road, opposite the end of Sidney Street, where the recent battle took place, and when he went round to deliver goods that had been purchased by the more aristocratic residents in the neighbourhood, they usually presented him, by way of a tip, with a piece of Passover cake. Then he went to work at a coffee tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and, as he puts it, knew the inside of the adjacent police station better than his own home, for he had to go there daily to carry meals for the prisoners, and at the time when the Adelphi Club and such places were raided he could hardly manage to get inside with his tray, it was so crammed with peers and their heirs. One night he was called up to carry a bed over for a man who had just been arrested. "I did not know him then," he says, "but I have since recognised him as a well-known London newspaper editor who had been arrested

on a famous contempt-of-court charge. In later days, though he did not recognise me, I often used to sit opposite to him in a first-class carriage going to Clapham, where we both lived." Among other duties, he had to carry coffee to the Covent Garden porters at five in the morning, and tea to the pantomime fairies at Drury Lane at five in the afternoon.

Following this, he worked for two years at a hotel in Piccadilly, in the shadow of John Lane's office, and had the advantage of seeing the élite at all angles. When he was a slim youth of nineteen he obtained an important post in a tavern in Cumberland Place, in connection with which he unflinchingly undertook to throw out all persons who were unruly, but it was not until after he had entered upon his labours that he learned that nearly all the customers were lifeguardsmen. He beat a strategic retreat into the ironmongery business, and his work as a warehouseman in the gas department of a large wholesale firm gave him the local colour that he used to such excellent purpose in "Love and the Ironmonger." But before that book was written he had been working for some years on various of the Carmelite House papers, as editor and as contributor. He has written every kind of story, from the most fiercely sensational to the most tenderly sentimental; in conducting a correspondence column he has written on the meaning of dreams, how to make apple-turnovers, the art of curing freckles, and whether it is possible for a woman to love more than once. In a word, he has had the varied, all-round experience of life that is not always good to go through, but is needed for the making of a good novelist; and he has made the right sort of start, for Dickens himself began as a "new humorist."

Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month a volume of essays by Mr. Holbrook Jackson entitled "Romance and Reality." The essays comprise studies of ideas, personalities, and things under such titles as "Peterpantheism," "Going to Nowhere," "Make Believe," "Hunger Tameness," and "Deserts of Noise." Among the studies of personalities are essays on G. K. Chesterton, Robert Blatchford, the famous Russian dancer Pavlova, and the excellent study of Maeterlinck which recently appeared in our columns and earned for Mr. Jackson the special praise of the great poet-dramatist himself. Another book by Mr. Jackson, "Platitudes in the Making," will be published next week by Mr. W. J. Rider.

Photo by Wheeler, Frome. **Miss L. Beatrice Thompson.**

The reviewers, in some unaccountable way, seem to have got hold of a notion that Miss Beatrice Thompson is an American writer. Our own fell into the same error, in our Christmas Number, when reviewing her "Half-Holidays with Animals" (Gay & Hancock). As a fact, Miss Thompson is a true-born Englishwoman; she is an art student, and was a pupil of Professor Alphonse Legros at the Slade School, University College. She was beyond the age then for going in for scholarships, but distinguished herself by gaining a silver medal there, and various prizes. Afterwards she spent five years working at the Zoological Gardens in London, and many of her drawings have been published in the *Daily Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, etc., and many have been used by the Religious Tract Society. Miss Thompson spent three months at New York, where, through the kindness of the officials, she was enabled to make studies from animals in the Zoological Gardens and in the Bronx Zoological Gardens. As results of these studies she has given us in "Half-Holidays with Animals" a series of animal drawings that are remarkably true and effective.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Digby Long, and Mr. Martin Secker.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1 to March 1, 1911.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London—North. 30s. net.
DUHM, PROF. BERNHARD.—The Ever-Coming Kingdom of God. 2s. 6d. net.
KOCHER, DR. TH.—Textbook of Operative Surgery. 30s. net.
PEARSON, KARL, M.A., F.R.S.—The Grammar of Science. Third Edition. Part I. Physical. 6s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

AYRTON, late PROF., and THOMAS MATHER, F.R.S., M.I.E.E.—Practical Electricity. 9s. net.
BROCKINGTON, A. A.—The Mark of His Calling. 6s.
CORKE, H. ESSENHIGH.—Wild Flowers as They Grow. 5s. net.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Bess of the Woods. Popular Edition. 2s. net.
FITCHETT, DR. W. H.—Beliefs of Unbelief. 1s. 6d. net.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—Sword of the Lord. 1s. net.
PAIN, BARRY.—Eliza Getting On. 1s.
RICHARDSON, CHARLES (Editor).—Book of the Horse. 25s. net.
VAIZEY, MRS. G. DE HORNE.—A Honeymoon in Hiding. 1s. net.
WALLACE, HELEN.—Life's Chequer Board. 6d.
WALMSLEY, R. M., DSc. Lond.—Electricity in the Service of Man. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net.
WHITING, LILIAN.—Italy, the Magic Land. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

KIPPING, F. STANLEY, Ph.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., and W. H. PERKIN, Ph.D., M.Sc., F.R.S.—Inorganic Chemistry. Complete, 7s. 6d. Also separately, Part I. 3s. 6d.; Part II. 4s.
WARRACK, REV. ALEX., M.A.—Chambers's Scots Dialect Dictionary. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BARR, ROBERT.—The Speculations of John Steele. Cheap Edition. 6d.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The City of Pleasure. Cheap Edition. 6d.
CASTELLANE, MARQUIS DE.—Men and Things of my Time. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 7s. 6d. net.
LITTLE, MAUDE.—A Woman on the Threshold. 6s.
SIDGWICK, FRANK (Editor).—Ballads and Lyrics of Love. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net; 3s. net.
STUART, H. LONGAN.—Fenella. 6s.
SYRETT, NETTA.—Anne Page. Cheap Edition. 6d.

The Clarendon Press.

ARISTOTLE.—De Partibus Animalium. Translated by W. Ogle. 5s. net.
BROWNING, R.—Men and Women (1855). Annotated by Miss G. E. Hadow. 3s. 6d.
CHAPMAN, DOM JOHN.—John the Presbyter and the Fourth Gospel. 16s. net.
FOSTER, W.—The English Factories in India. Vol. V. 12s. 6d. net.
MURRAY, GILBERT.—Nefrekapta from a Demotic Papyrus put into verse.
PELHAM, H. F.—Collected Essays. Edited by F. Haverfield.
SKEAT, W. W.—Berkshire Place Names. 2s. net.
WILKINSON, SPENSER.—Hannibal's March through the Alps. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ALLCROFT, A. H., M.A., and A. J. F. COLLINS, M.A.—Higher Latin Composition.
BRAY, S. E., M.A.—School Organisation. Second Edition. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing. 2s.
WEEKLEY, E., M.A.—Groundwork of French Composition. 2s.

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ETHERTON, LIEUT.—Across the Roof of the World. 16s. net.
JEFFREY, R. W.—The New Europe. 7s. 6d. net.
MEYER, PROF. KUNO.—Selections from Irish Poetry. 3s. 6d. net.
MOORHEAD, PROF.—The Stone Age in North America. 31s. 6d. net.
SHAW, BERNARD.—The Doctor's Dilemma. 6s.

De La More Press.

LEGG, J. WICKHAM.—Shall we Revise the Prayer Book? 1s. net.
SCOTT, SIR J. GEORGE, K.C.I.E. ("Shway Yoe").—Burma. With many Illustrations. New and Revised Edition. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

BROWN, W. C., M.A., and P. H. JOHNSON, B.A.—The Home of Man. Part I. The British Isles. With 250 Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E., and W. D. STEWART.—State Socialism in New Zealand. 5s. net.
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BELL, J. J.—Jim Crow. 1s. net.
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HAMILTON, COSMO.—The Princess of New York. 6s.
"RITA."—Half a Truth. 6s.
ROSS, JOHN DILL.—Sixty Years' Travel and Adventure in the Lands of the Far East. 24s. net.

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BENSUSAN, S. L.—Souvenir of London. Souvenir of Paris. 1s. 6d. net each.
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MR. EDGAR JEPSON.

BOHEMIAN London is inhabited, as everybody knows, by a motley crew of painters, writers, poets, musicians, and actors. Many of them are foolish, most of them are young. Some of them never earn more than thirty shillings a week, others become actor-managers or "best-sellers," acquire motor-cars, and shine as ornaments of the well-known clubs that have for all their pretensions no place within the pale of the real Bohemia. More often than not, perhaps, Bohemia is but a stage in one's life; something, like measles, to be experienced and left behind. You will find few Bohemians over thirty, save among the wasters in the arts. Yet they exist, and in two or three obscure little clubs without subscriptions, rules, or permanent habitations, it is possible to find men who have taken to themselves wives and responsibilities, men who are doing serious work and making names for themselves in their respective callings while continuing to retain all the enthusiasms, unconventionalities, and attributes of good fellowship that are wont commonly to vanish with youth and with the rose. Which is all by way of preliminary to a declaration that Mr. Edgar Jepson is one of the few tried, tested, and proved Bohemians of London. He is a successful author and the father of a family, yet ensconces himself in no smug Streatham villa, but in Bedford Park, where the inhabitants are all rather clever, a little mad, and very happy. Quite lately he invented an absurd suit of clothes—a coat, waistcoat, and trousers all in one as I believe—and walked about in them enjoying himself, amusing other people, and putting bread into the mouths of the comic black-and-white men.

Mr. Edgar Jepson and his Son.

Country boy as he is, for he was bred and born at Kenilworth, one of the loveliest spots in a lovely country, Mr. Jepson professes a marked distaste for country life. He will even assure you that he greatly prefers the view of a brick wall with congenial people to talk to above the finest scenery in the world dotted with the unintelligent. He went to school at Leamington, under Dr. Wood, going on to Balliol College, Oxford, where, in the palmy days of Jowett, he took honours in Literæ Humaniores. On coming down from the University he travelled about France and Italy for a while and then went out to the West Indies. At the end of three years of tutoring, writing, and miscellaneous work, he returned to England and settled down in London to

attempt the adventure of literature seriously. He began by writing a story of adventure, followed by one or two serious but ironical novels, contributing meanwhile to the *Saturday Review*, the other weeklies, and the magazines. Finding that serious but ironical fiction brought him in, on an average, £5 6s. 4d. a novel—plenty of course for himself, but not much for his wife and family—he was compelled, as he puts it, to cut out the seriousness and burnish the irony with humour. There have resulted the chronicles of "Lady Noggs" and "The Admirable Tinker," excellent books of their kind, which have served to acquire for their author the reputation of a popular humorist. But Mr. Jepson has never lost touch with real literature, and is a contributor to any serious literary venture, such as the *Neolith* and the *English Review*. Sometimes he has been an editor, and has conducted the *Automobile Club Journal* and *Vanity Fair*, but since he finds that it interferes with his creative work he never cares to edit for any length of time.

It was in a Vauxhall slum that he established himself when he came to London. Here he wrote "Sibyl Falcon" and "The Passion for Romance." This last book, now being republished as "Lord Lisdor," is in my opinion one of the best pieces of work that Mr. Jepson has ever done. Considered in conjunction with "The Sentimental Warrior" it presents far more brilliant portraits of women, more acute studies of the whole *virginibus puerisque* question, than one is prepared for in a work of ostensibly light fiction. And if the irony is a little bitter, the observation is profound. Yet these were by no means successful books, judged by the standard of popular taste, as was perhaps to be expected. For all that, I could wish that Mr. Jepson, having some time since established himself and become independent, would turn his hand to another story on such lines.

Throughout this period Mr. Jepson used every evening to walk up to Soho, where, at a little restaurant called Poland, he would dine with the poet Ernest Dowson, most ill-starred of geniuses, Arthur Moore the novelist, Lennox Pawle the actor, and other young people who intended to be famous. They used to go on to the Café Royal after dinner and talk furiously about the immensities and other things till about eleven, after which hour they made a practice of adjourning to a sort of club room in Charing Cross Road. There they would foregather with all the people in London who knew how to write, or at least a good proportion of them, including Lionel Johnson, Selwyn Image, Stewart Headlam, Herbert Horne, Teixeira de Mattos, Arthur Symons, and Richard le Gallienne. Yeats would sometimes come, and John Davidson, George Moore, and occasionally William Watson.

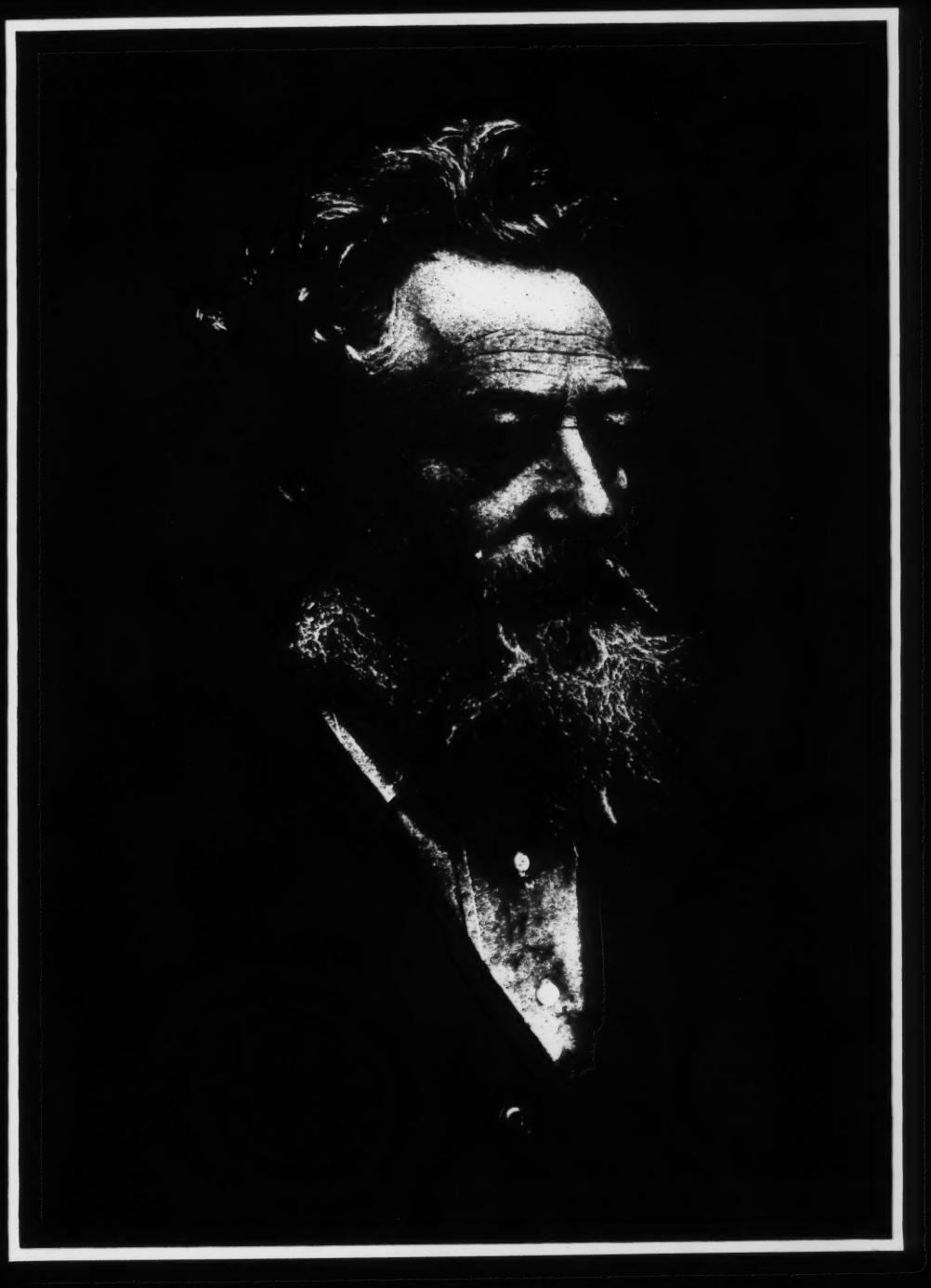
Those, by the way, were the great days of the Church and Stage Guild, whose dances Mr. Jepson relates that he fervently attended. Also, though he was not a member, he used to go with Dowson to the Rhymers' Club, where he read pieces to the assembled members. Later on he shared rooms with Herbert Horne in the King's Bench Walk, and pursued the same course of life.

Mr. Jepson's first published volume was "Sibyl Falcon" (Tower Publishing Co., 1895), which was followed by "The Passion for Romance" (Henry, 1896, and Milne, 1908). Then came "The Dictator's Daughter," of which Messrs. Cassell published one edition in 1902 and another four years later. "The Sentimental Warrior" also appeared in 1902. "The Admirable Tinker" was published simultaneously by McClure and Nash in 1904, "The Lady Noggs" by Unwin in 1906, "The Triumph of Tinker" by Hodder & Stoughton in the same year, "The Four Philanthropists" by Unwin in 1907, and "Tangled Wedlock" by Hutchinson in 1908.

There is one branch of Mr. Jepson's imaginative work that deserves to be dwelt upon in any attempt at a critical estimate of his writings. I am speaking of those of his romances that deal with the arts of occultism and magic. "The Mystery of the Myrtles," published a year or two back, aroused a good deal of interest, and "No. 19" (Mills & Boon), which was issued a year ago, was an even more remarkable "thriller." A dainty little love story, whose heroine affords as clever and charming a character-study as the red-haired girl in "The Passion for Romance," is entwined in a tale of mystery whose unfolding produces a surprisingly real sensation of creepiness. The descriptions of the strange rites practised at Hertford Park stand for the last word in the treatment of ceremonial magic as a subject for fiction. There is a little book by Mr. Jepson, of which I am fortunate enough to possess a copy, printed privately some six years back, wherein the Pan legend is woven into a fantasy told in musical and glowing prose. "The Horned Shepherd" is a finished cameo, a gem of careful and beautiful writing. It is, I think, its author's masterpiece, but whether or not it will ever be given to the public I cannot say.

It will interest many of his readers to learn that Mr. Jepson takes magic quite seriously. He practises astrology, and draws up the horoscopes of his friends with infinite pains. His activities are indeed almost bewildering. He is a Socialist by conviction, and an entertaining and clever lecturer on Socialistic topics. In his own unconventional circles he is much in request as a chairman and after-dinner speaker. I believe him to be a dangerous opponent at bridge. He has fought for success, and met with it, but he still goes on working hard. He is altogether, I think, a credit to Bohemia.

ASHLEY GIBSON.



XUM

THE READER.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

By Edward Thomas.

SPEAKING of William Morris's character and looks, Professor J. W. Mackail, in his "Life," says that as "among all his townsmen who have before our own day been eminent as men of letters or artists, it is to Chaucer that one would turn by the first instinct for a parallel," so "the resemblance even extended to physical features: the corpulent person, the demure smile, the 'close silent eye.'" One of the most perceptibly enduring of Morris's works is likely to be his noble folio edition of Chaucer. He himself admitted the resemblance between his "Earthly Paradise" and the "Canterbury Tales," and already in his "Life and Death of Jason" he had addressed Chaucer as his master. Again in the *Envoi* of "The Earthly Paradise" he bade his book go to one whom he believed to be a friend, his master, Geoffrey Chaucer. And in the Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise," when he asks us to "forget six counties overhung with smoke," he thinks of the clear Thames and its few ships below the Bridge:

> "While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
> Moves over bills of lading. . . ."

The resemblance is conscious, and on the whole superficial. Morris may have been aware of one of the chief differences when he used the words: "For thou, sweet-souled, *didst never stand alone*." He felt, perhaps, that he himself stood alone, and it is of the profound differences that I think in reading these passages again on the beautiful page of this Collected Edition.* Chaucer is the only one of our great poets belonging to the middle ages, and consequently the only one whose life and work can remind us that there was a day when the poet was only incidentally, and as it were without knowing it, an artist. He was in no essential separated from the society in which he moved. He did many things in London, at Windsor and abroad, and his writing was one of them and harmonious with them. He reveals himself far less obviously and deliberately than other poets because the poet, like the man, was social and not isolated. His work was naturally and happily himself: it was not an individual but a corporate view of life, and represents his age more than it does Chaucer. He did not assert himself because he was not so cut off from his audience that he was bound to do so. In the changed world of the Reformation no writer shows this social quality except the maker of street ballads. Even Shakespeare is solitary and exceptional. The man himself stands apart from his age in a kind of inevitable exile: Chaucer, on the other hand, is his age and can merge his identity in it with safety. As for lyric poets, they appear but sudden sharp voices as of birds flying over in a dark night: only elaborate historical work can in part destroy this illusion. And as time advances more and more of the poets are in a like isolation. It has become an exaggerated truism that poets may mean far more to posterity than to their own age. They are unnoticed spectators standing on the outside or at the edge of the life which they record. Milton was consciously out of place in his age and out of sympathy with it. The poets of the Augustan age, through their politics, seem to be exceptional; but they are more professional than ever, and moreover they have not weathered the passing of time as well as others. What a difference, again, between Chaucer and Cowper! — Chaucer with so little appearance of being exceptional save in the intensity of his powers,

William Morris.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.
By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introduction by his daughter, May Morris. 24 Vols. £12 12s. (Longmans.)

By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.

Red House, Bexley (Upton).

The house was designed by Philip Webb; the decorations were by Morris and his brother artists, some of the panels being painted by Rossetti. Morris lived here from 1860 to 1865.

writing about neighbours for neighbours—Cowper buried away with a few friendly women and ministers, addressing the world as out of a hermitage, interesting largely as a curiosity, even to himself "a stricken deer."

This increase of solitude has continued. Shelley began by talking with a kind of gaiety about writing for a dozen people, and ended with a feeling, something like paralysis, due to the total lack of communion with an audience. Nor has the spurious publicity of gossip in our own times done anything to alter the conditions of authorship. The break-up of religion, the disorganisation of society, the multiplication of readers, have isolated artists more and more. Hence an infinite variety, a tendency to insist upon individuality for its own sake, so that there are men of singular ability who only appeal to a handful, a hundred, a few hundreds, whom they may or may never reach.

But from time to time men have arisen who have broken away by dint of extraordinary personality from the solitude of professional authorship, and have gained half their power by calling attention to themselves and their work at the same time, instead of remaining like needles in their own haystacks. Byron in poetry and Borrow in prose are supreme examples. Everything about their lives is eagerly devoured and discussed, and their work gains by additions from their lives: it is impossible yet to look at their work simply as art, as we can look at Wordsworth's or Keats's.

William Morris was a man of such personality that his failure to become one of these men like Byron and Borrow is somewhat astonishing. He appears to have failed just because of the diversity which was his power. Had he been only a poet or a prose writer he might have become such a myth as Byron or Borrow. But instead of crushing and cramming all into a book or a series of books of one intense and narrow kind, like these men, he wrote two or three different kinds of poetry and prose, and what is more he lectured, he organised societies and movements, he designed wallpaper and chintz, he wove tapestry and got others to weave it, he dyed and experimented in dyeing, he built and adorned a house, he managed a business and kept a shop, he was a public examiner and an adviser to a museum, he refused the laureateship, he cooked admirably, he was a keen coarse fisherman and had times

Red House: The Hall and Staircase.

(By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.)

William Morris.

A photograph made in 1870.

From a photogravure appearing in "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

William Morris in 1877.

William Morris in 1889.

William Morris in 1889.

These two photographs were taken by Mr. Emery Walker in the garden of William Morris's house in June, 1889.

when he "was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere," he enjoyed life, he became an admirable citizen, and he neither talked nor wrote much about himself. Whatever he did he did well, and in many things he was an originator and more than a good performer. But for a modern artist he dissipated his forces too much. No one work of his can be taken alone and fairly be held to represent his powers. His work shows him as a firm rather than as one man, as "Morris & Co.," even though it was all essentially William Morris. So many qualities were related and united in the man which appear separate and weak in the poet and craftsman. Valuing as he did above all things "consciousness of manly life," and thinking the arts a part of this, he was perhaps incapable of the artificial pampered concentration of a man like Tennyson. Modern conditions preyed upon him overmuch for this. In his lecture on "Art and its Producers" he betrays a feeling that troubling about arts and crafts might seem "petty and unheroic" to those who have been brought face to face with "the reckless hideousness and squalor of a great manufacturing district." He cared for both, for the arts and crafts and for the "shabby hell" of the city, and he did not think or find the two cares incompatible, but rather insisted that they were one, though he found one crowded life, busy, never hurried, and of no unusual length, too small for his purpose. A similar apparent division of passion is to be seen in "The Message of the March Wind," where the lover on an eve when his mistress is given to him and to gladness asks:

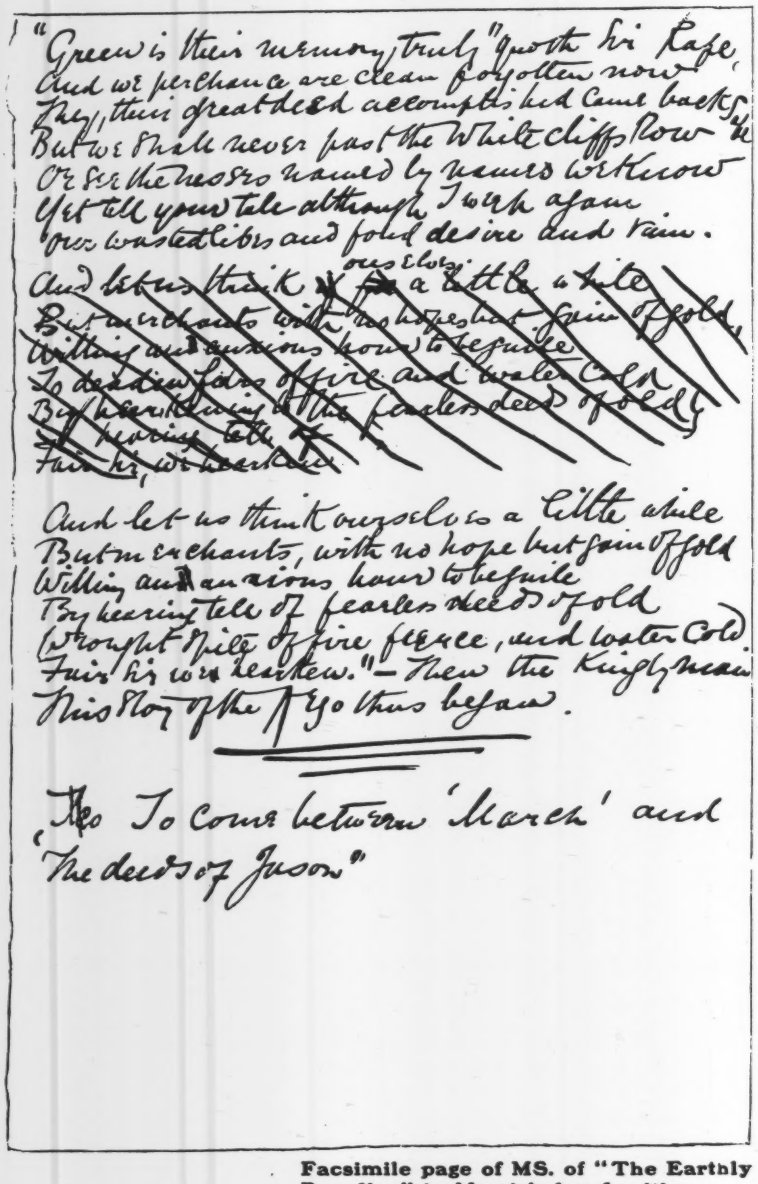
"Shall we be glad always? Come closer and hearken:
Three fields further on, as they told me down there,
When the young moon has set, if the March sky should darken,
We might see from the hill-top the great city's glare."

But here the division is healed in a beautiful union between love of one woman and of the world, and the lover ends:

"But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet;
Soon for us shall be quiet and rest and desire,
And to-morrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet."

This union makes the poem one of the finest single poems of Morris and of his age. He would have made an interesting benevolent despot—not too benevolent either; yet he was a faithful Socialist, and his nearest approach to despotism, outside his own circle, was in reconstructing society inside the pages of "News from Nowhere." In a sense he was too big a man to be as great as we could wish him to have been at any one point. He never quite made up his mind about himself. Mr. Mackail's "Life," for example, reveals him as a hearty countryman and as a conscious and satisfied cockney. He tended to prefer calling himself a cockney, as a citizen of the hideous town which was once "London small and white and clean." As an artist he preferred to think of such a London, and he found it by looking back in "The Earthly Paradise," and by looking forward in "News from Nowhere." Miss Morris, by the way, prints a fragment of a rejected Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise" where this vision of London is varied thus:

"I tell of times long past away
When London was a grey-walled town,
And slow the pack-horse made his way
Across the curlew-haunted down."


"Green is their memory truly" quoth his Page,
And we perchance are clean forgotten now
They, their greatdeed accomplished came back safe
But we shall never past the White cliffs Row
Or see the meers named by names we know
Yet tell your tale although I work afar
Our wasted lives and foiled desire and vain.
And let us think ourselves a little while
But merchants, with no hope but gain of gold
Willing and anxious hours to beguile
By hearing tell of fearless deeds of old
Fair sir, we hearken." — Then the Knight began
This Story of the Argo thus began.

Ho To come between 'March' and 'The deeds of Jason"

Facsimile page of MS. of "The Earthly Paradise" in Morris's handwriting.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

He was, it must be remembered, born in Essex, at the edge of the city, and lived in several charming neighbourhoods which have now been overtaken by London; and in this may be seen, as so often in events of a great man's life, a sort of allegory. For most of his life he was a somewhat dismayed countryman but an imperfect Londoner: he was probably one of the survivors who could not accept the modern distinction and separation between town and country. The country, as he painted it in "News from Nowhere," or "The Earthly Paradise," or "Jason," or "The Glittering Plain," has a clear, cool beauty of early morning that is purely his own and is worthy of the "unanxious" women whom he sometimes sets to walk therein—

"Who joyously through flowering grass did go."

His work as a citizen and craftsman is not to be calculated. Its influence is alive and has ramified out of sight. Of his poetical writing there can be little doubt that the best is chiefly the earliest. Yet his early poetry contains little of the manly artist and citizen which his name will always call up among those who saw him or heard of him by word of mouth. It contains nothing of the man whom a fellow once stopped and asked "if he was ever captain of the *Sea Swallow*," of the florid man rocking to and fro on a platform facing his hecklers and speaking very well for a man who looked as if he would prefer deeds to words. It will be an odd insolence of fate if "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems" and a few anecdotes are all that survives of this man.

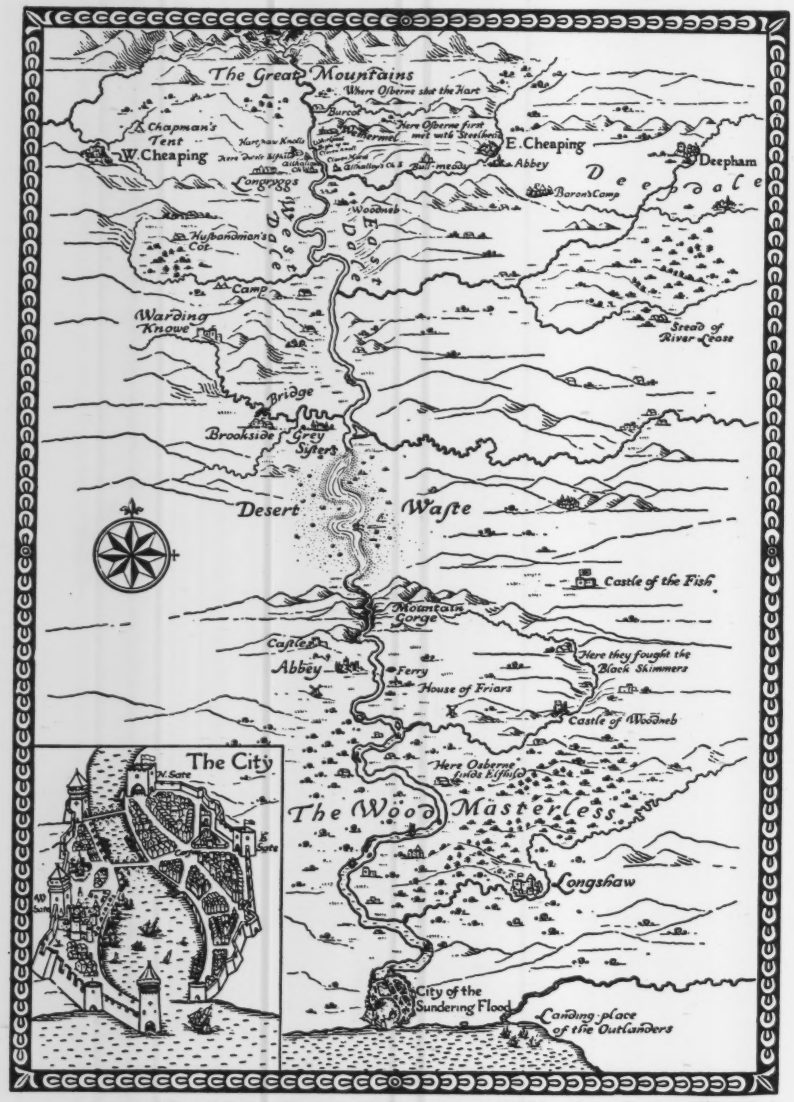
"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

From "A Dream of John Ball," by William Morris. (Longmans.)

The Collected Edition is to consist of twenty-four volumes of prose and verse, lyrics, narratives, dialogues, romances, lectures, and a review of Browning's "Men and Women." The first four volumes are now before me, containing "The Defence of Guenevere" and "The Hollow Land" and other early prose romances, "The Life and Death of Jason," and half of "The Earthly Paradise." In form the volumes are dignified

Psyche in Charon's Boat.

"But midmost of that water did arise
A dead man, pale, with ghostly staring eyes."
The Story of Cupid and Psyche in "The Earthly Paradise."
From a design by Edward Burne-Jones, engraved on wood by William Morris.
From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)



Map of the City and Country of "The Sundering Flood."

From "The Sundering Flood," by William Morris. (Longmans.)

without being unfit to read. The type, the paper, and the binding are excellent. Each volume is adorned with portraits and with the woodcuts for "The Earthly Paradise" which Morris executed from Burne-Jones's drawings, and enhanced in value by the notes of Miss May Morris. These give sufficient biographical detail, including new letters, to illustrate the progress of the poems. They also give bibliographies and valuable notes on the text, including variants, omitted passages and unfinished drafts, often of great interest.

Books edited and produced with such care will invite the attention of posterity. It would be unjust to ourselves as well as insulting to posterity to pry into the results of this attention. Can we who still read and re-read "Paradise Lost," "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," and the "Prelude," who read once through "The Canterbury Tales," "Endymion," and "Hero and Leander," and at least once attempt "The Faerie Queene" and "Polyolbion"—can we read "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise"? Of course many can who like delicate speech and the kiss of rhymes. But are not even they sometimes aware that it is rather fantastic to retard a tale by such phrasing? They feel that the verse is frequently a quaint decorative addition, but always a retardation. Nor is it always that the necessity of rhyme incites Morris to a luxurious diction so lovely in detail that its total ineffectivenes is excused or need of excuse forgotten. A long narrative must hold us by a masterly sense of action, or by a richness of treatment that "loads every rift with ore." Each is an all but superhuman task to-day. The richness cloys or falls off in poems longer than "St. Agnes's Eve," and it was not at this ideal that Morris aimed. The sense of action is dead or atrophied among moderns. In ideal narrative poetry the subjects should be national or generally known: it should be the work of a race or class as much as of one man. The "Divina Commedia" is so much greater than "Paradise Lost" because it is part of a civilisation. Spenser tried to fulfil the conditions by linking his "Fairie Queene" to the history of his country and the character of Queen Elizabeth. It succeeds only in so far as its parts are beautiful in themselves. Narrative like this perishes while the lyric composed in solitude for reading in solitude survives. Long poems in dramatic form survive because the social act of representing them can still foster their life. Morris is as solitary as is Spenser, and his subjects are all from literary sources. He falls between the two choices: his style is sweet and slow, too little so to be the principal beauty, yet too much so to allow action to predominate. "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" are not big in the impersonal kind, like the old epics, nor like Keats's "Lamia" justified by individuality of workmanship. Morris tells the finest stories in the world in a diction as delightful as that of the Elizabethans when first they exulted in blank verse, and with such power that the poetry-reading public who approach him with the just prejudice of contemporaries must long enjoy them.

Miss Morris's notes show some of the earliest work for "The Earthly Paradise," such as a form of "The Man born to be a King," which was written before his poetry lost its youth. When "Jason" appeared it was lost. He more than recovered it in "The Message of the March Wind" and "Thunder in the Garden," and there are portions of "The Earthly Paradise"

Photo by Frederick H. Evans.

Kelmscott Manor: The Garden Front.

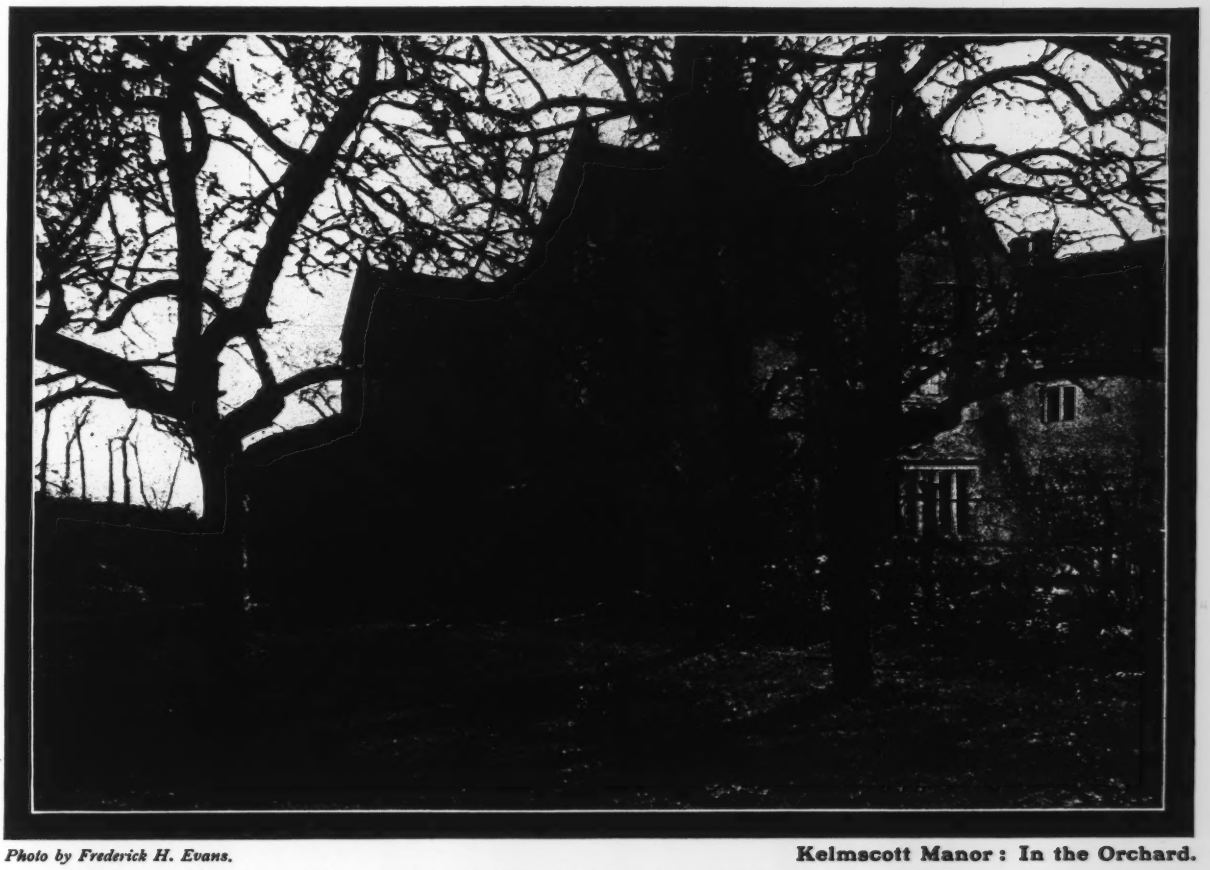


Photo by Frederick H. Evans.

Kelmscott Manor: In the Orchard.

"In 1871, by a happy chance, he was able to take that beautiful house on a backwater of the Upper Thames, which was to be his beloved country home for the next twenty-five years. . . . It lies on a little stream at the end of the remote and ancient village of Kelmscott, in Oxfordshire."—*William Morris, Socialist-Craftsman*, by Holbrook Jackson. (Fifield.)

where it would be affectation or pedantry to want it. But these early poems had the narrow intensity of youth. As it gave them life it still keeps them young: they have never become old-fashioned. When Morris's interests increased and multiplied he might well think lightly of these buds, because he was so much more than they. But again it would be a cruel irony if these were remembered like the eagle's feather—"well, I forget the rest." Cruel but not wholly uncalled for by one who was so much a man—who scoffed at inspiration and for want of amusement in books would "screw out" his "tale of verses" (two hundred and fifty in two days)—who despised solitary art, and in his "News from Nowhere" made the word "art" disappear, because it was "a necessary part" of every man's productive labour—who might have said to this generation, like Clara to her grandfather: "Books, books! always books, grandfather! When will you understand that after all it is the world we live in which interests us?"—who seems to be speaking under the disguise of Love in "Love is Enough":

> "Rather caught up at hazard is the pipe
> That mixed with scent of roses over-ripe,
> And murmur of the summer afternoon,
> May charm you somewhat with its wavering tune
> 'Twixt joy and sadness: whatsoe'er it saith,
> I know at least there breathes through it my breath."

But what a man!—himself a poem. Such men, so far as we can know, are rare as the great poets.

THE IDEAS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

By Holbrook Jackson.

THERE are those who would separate the ideas of William Morris from his art, and, although they are fully entitled to do so, if it please them, they are not entitled to do so on the authority of William Morris. No artist appreciated better than he the interdependence of art, ideas, and affairs. And, above all, Morris knew better than anybody else that Morris the artist, the poet, the craftsman, was Morris the Socialist; and that, conversely, Morris the Socialist was Morris the artist, the poet, the craftsman. This has disturbed those of his friends and admirers who object to his social visions, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, to be accepted or rejected according to individual taste; those who reject it must be content with the old academic appreciation of his poems and other art works. They should never forget, however, that Morris himself did not encourage that particular kind of appreciation.

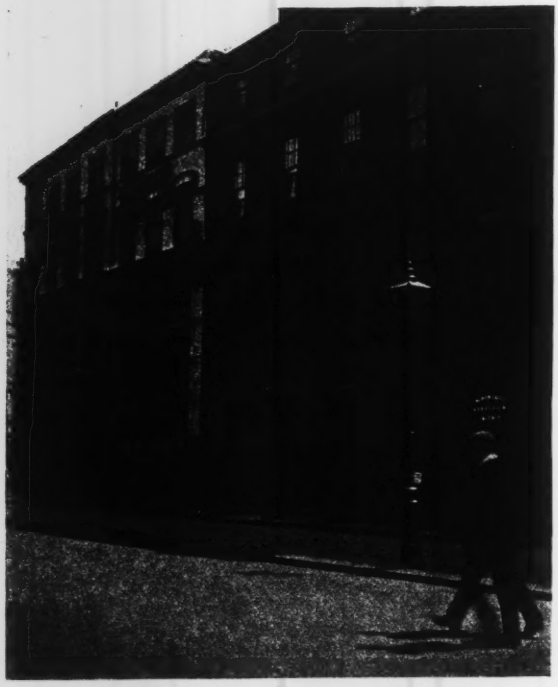


Photo by Walter Dexter. **17, Red Lion Square.**

Morris and Burne-Jones settled here in 1857, in rooms that had previously been occupied by Rossetti and Deverell. Here Rossetti visited them and helped in designing and decorating the furniture for their rooms

Photo by Walter Dexter. **41, Great Ormond Street.**

William Morris lived in furnished rooms here with his wife, immediately after their marriage, in 1859, until the Red House was built and ready for their occupation.

William Morris.
From the portrait painted by Sir William Richmond.
(By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

Even in his early university days, his mind was concerned with the strange and ironic lack of association between art and social life; but at that time, under the influence, no doubt, of the neo-medievalism of the Oxford Movement, he saw hope of realising a fuller association of art and life only in a cloistral retirement from the sordid strife of the times; and it was the dream of his early manhood to devote his fortune to the foundation of a monastic brotherhood for himself and his friends. With the passing of the years, however, and a sympathetic reading of Carlyle's "Past and Present" and the works of John Ruskin, combined with an intimate and profound study of Gothic architecture, and the social processes and conditions of medieval craftsmanship, he evolved for himself a working combination of political economy and æsthetics to which he adhered throughout the whole of his energetic career.

Although William Morris has written poems which will endure as long as the English language, he had no very great respect for the purely literary life. He was essentially a man of affairs and could neither understand nor appreciate any one making a career of poetry. He would write his poems at odd moments on any handy piece of paper, and in any place, even a room full of talking people. On one such occasion the talk stopped when he started writing, out of deference to the act of creation, but Morris begged them to proceed with their talk—"I am only writing poetry," said he. This attitude to what is generally believed to be the most cloistral of the arts helps one to understand the essential, the socially dynamic William Morris.

The key-thought to the ideas of William Morris is design: design in art, design in craft, design in social life. This word meant more to him than it had ever meant to any man before his time. Other ages had, to some extent, practised the idea of design as he understood it, and the study of such ages had aided him in the formulation of his principles, but they had not been conscious of design as such. In Morris, the craftsman design became not only an elaborate and self-conscious thing, but it sprang, as it should do, and as it did spontaneously in the Middle Ages, out of the quality, the very nature of the material and the personality of the craftsman.

Morris realised the importance of this design in medieval craftsmanship; it appealed to him naturally as a youth, and he would devote long hours to the study of it. But it was Ruskin's theory of Gothic which fully opened his eyes to the inner and social meanings of the excellent craftsmanship of the past. From Ruskin he learnt that excellence in craftsmanship could only result from human labour joyfully performed; and, years afterwards, he did honour to his master by printing an edition of "The Nature of Gothic," the book from which he learnt this principle, at the Kelmscott Press.

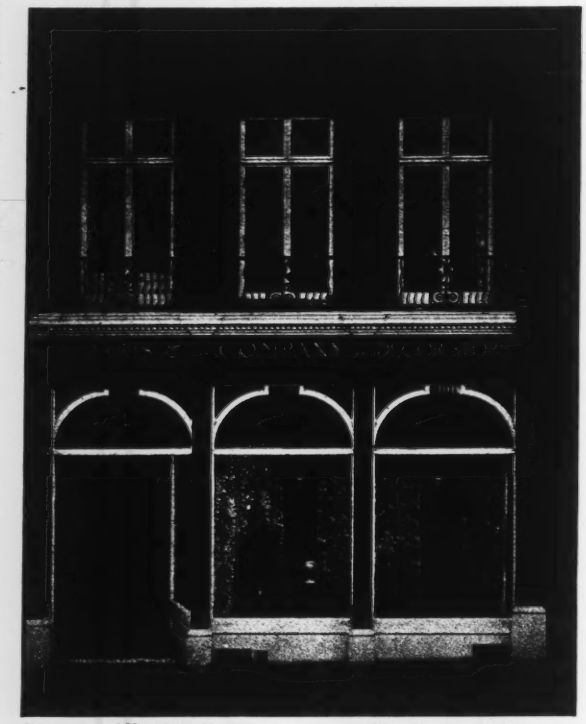
There, however, or very nearly there, Morris and Ruskin part. Ruskin was always a medievalist, Morris was a modernist. Ruskin would have, with certain modifications, restored the past; he stated, quite clearly, in the book he described as "the truest, rightest worded, and most serviceable" he had written, that he was not a Socialist, but a Tory of the old school. Morris just as frankly looked to the future and announced himself a Socialist. The past for him was the leaping-off place for the Utopias. It is true, though, that at a

William Morris.
(By permission of Mr. Fredk. Hollyer.)

later date Ruskin accepted the term Socialist—"I am a Communist, reddest of the red," he wrote in "Fors Clavigera," and in a letter to Mr. S. C. Cockerell, in 1886, he says, "Of course I am a Socialist of the most stern sort, but I am also a Tory of the sternest sort. I am silent now because no one could understand a word I said, but see 'Fors Clavigera' *between the lines*."

Morris would go back, to be sure, but only to pick up the lost tradition of good workmanship, from thence he would move forwards. He found this good workmanship in the Middle Ages, when the Craft Gild was at the height of its powers. Every surviving thing of that period made by the hand of man has in it a witchery of organic beauty combined with utility which has only been attained on few occasions since the break-up of the Gild system. Morris asked himself why these articles were so much more beautiful and so much more durable than similar products of our own time; and he found the answer in the facts that these things were produced under conditions which had for their aims excellence and durability rather than immediate financial gain; and that they were produced by men who not only knew the people who were ultimately to use their products, but who had been trained in the making of complete articles, and not merely a part of an article, as is customary in that "division of labour" which modern commercial methods have made inevitable.

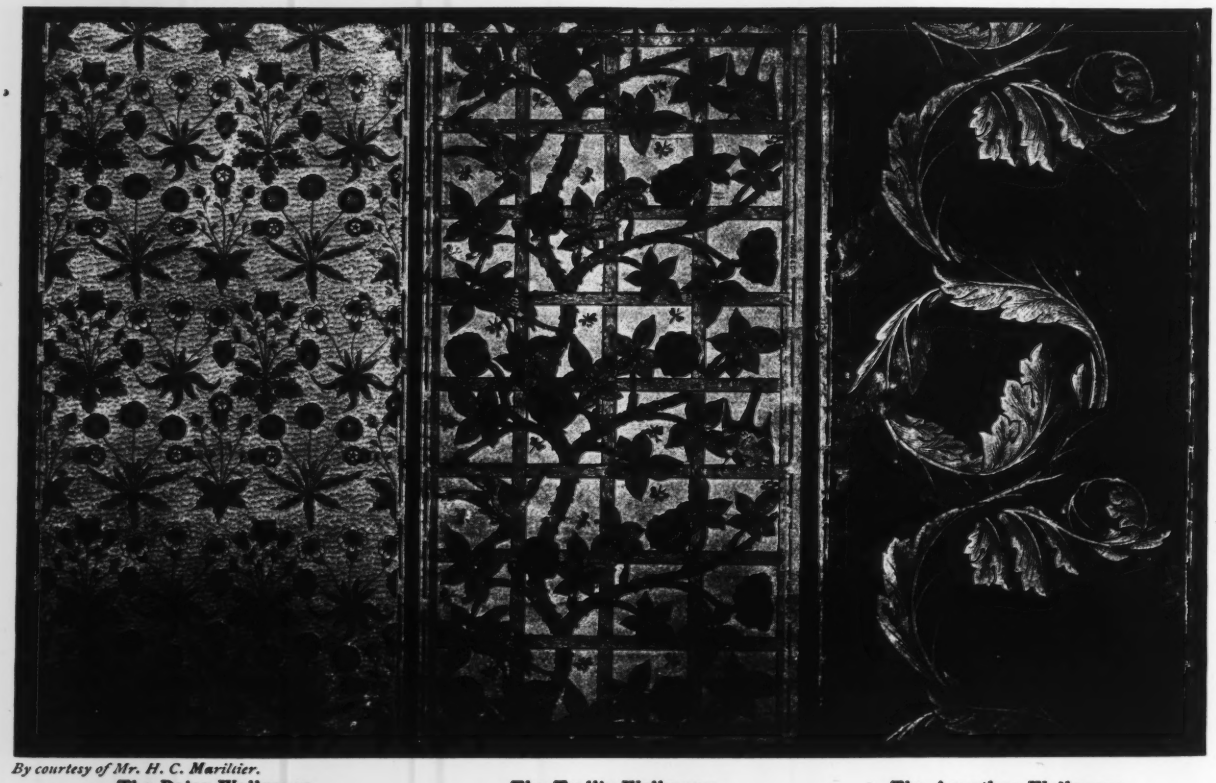
Morris devoted the best years of his life to a revival



By courtesy of Mr. H. C. Marillier. **449, Oxford Street.**

"The first notion of the firm of Morris & Company . . . sprang up among friends in talk, and cannot be assigned to any single author. It was in a large measure due to Madox Brown; but perhaps even more to Rossetti, who, poet and idealist as he was, had business qualities of a high order."—*Life of William Morris*, by J. W. Mackail. (Longmans.)

The original partners or associates of the firm were Morris, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Philip Webb, P. P. Marshall, and C. I. Faulkner, of whom Mr. Philip Webb is now sole survivor. He had retired before Morris's death.



By courtesy of Mr. H. C. Marillier.

The Daisy Wallpaper. **The Trellis Wallpaper.** **The Acanthus Wallpaper.**

Three of the first Wallpaper Patterns designed and printed by Morris & Co.

"The 'Trellis' paper, with a design of climbing roses by Morris and birds by Philip Webb, was designed in November, 1862, and was printed by hand from blocks cut in pear wood, as it continues to be at the present day Owing to delays in cutting, however, the first paper actually to be printed and sold was the 'Daisy' . . . which has headed the sales of Morris wallpapers, practically without a break, for half a century."—*A Brief Sketch of the Morris Movement*, privately printed for Morris & Co.

of craftsmanship on these lines. He started the workshops at Merton Abbey and Queen Square and the famous shop in Oxford Street for this purpose, and his fabrics, tapestries and chintzes, his wallpapers, his stained glass, and later his Kelmscott Press books have become the emblems and inspirations of fine workmanship all the world over. But the significant lessons of the revival, for Morris, were the facts firstly, that the revival was necessary because modern commerce had so degraded both commodities and their production, and, secondly, that when he had created his beautiful things, only the rich could buy them. He wanted beautiful things for himself and he wanted others to have them, for he knew that such things were not only beautiful to look upon and to use, but he knew also that in the creation of them men had been happy, and he wanted all men to be happy. He demanded, therefore, that all things made by man should be the symbols of joyful work. And it was because our present methods of commerce made it impossible to produce such symbols, that he became a Socialist.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **William Morris.**
One of the last portraits taken of him.

In his Utopia, described in perfect English prose, in "News from Nowhere," we have the picture of a world grown young again. It is a dream of a robust age in which men and women work together without care and want, holding all things in common, and taking the sort of interest in their lives that an artist takes in his work. In all his efforts for Socialism, Morris had this Nowhere of his as his goal. He first thought it could be realised by raising the standards of public taste in the things they used and made. But after a while he found that such a propaganda alone would be useless. It was then that he threw in his lot with the Socialists, and worked under the Red Flag with Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the founder of the Social Democratic Party.

Merely political propaganda with its necessary compromises had small attraction for Morris, and he eventually seceded from the Social Democrats and took with him all the more revolutionary members, and, with them, founded the Socialist League, which he eventually abandoned when it became too Anarchistic, falling back upon the section of the League which used to meet at his own house in Hammersmith. This group became the Hammersmith Socialist Society, and he remained a member of it for the rest of his life.

As a Socialist propagandist Morris showed the same tremendous energy which he put into all he undertook. He did not place himself on a pinnacle for admiration, but plunged into the thick of the turmoil. Speaking here, there, and everywhere, in dim-lit and dirty club-rooms in unsavoury districts of London and the provinces, and at street corners and other open-air places; marching in proletarian processions to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, editing, financing, and writing most of a Socialist paper, he became one of the most active propagandists of his day.

A certain impatience always dominated Morris. He wanted things to move along at a quicker pace; and he grew restive when half-measures were suggested. He disliked compromise, and in common with many Socialists of the period he believed at one time that the day of revolution, when the whole of the present social system would be abolished, was not far off. But experience of his fellow countrymen and his comrade Socialists eventually killed such bright hope. And towards the end of his life he gradually abandoned political work of all kinds and devoted himself more to his workshops and the Kelmscott Press.

The quality of his Socialism, like that of every Socialist, was largely determined by his own genius; for Socialism is an intensely personal thing; once having accepted the doctrine, the dream springs out of the man. Morris's Utopia was naturally a craftsman's paradise made up of design and good workmanship applied to life; it was the apotheosis of the applied arts and their translation into an era of freedom, economic peace, and good fellowship. All his ideas bear upon this dream, and the beautiful things he made are the kind of things the realisation of such a dream would make the common objects of daily life.

LORD ACTON'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION." *

By Dr. William Barry.

At last Lord Acton is coming into his own. Fellows and tutors of Cambridge recover from ancient periodicals essays that have only ripened by the lapse of time. Reviewers marvel at his prodigies of learning, multiplied in every direction. The "Cambridge Modern History" follows the plan which he bequeathed to a University that gave him scope for such lectures as these on the French Revolution. His wide outlook, pure and lofty principles, devotion to truth, and passion for freedom, entitle him to a rank among philosophic historians not perhaps equalled by any other who has written in the English tongue. He can never be popular, since he makes a continual demand on the reader's judgment, dazzles by reference to sources not within ordinary reach, sums up a volume in a sentence, and refuses to be picturesque as well as partisan. To the crowd Acton will be a great unattainable authority, a name like that of some height they have no mind to explore. But with men of research, with politicians who cultivate thinking, with jurists, professors worthy of their chairs, and genuine Liberals, he will count as Tocqueville does, or as Montesquieu did, for his deep insight into "the spirit of the laws" by which our institutions are governed. Style and matter both claim our wonder and our homage.

In Lord Acton the most splendid quality was that he loved freedom and hated its counterfeit, however disguised. The most rare was his demand for verification of alleged facts from original documents, whether in the sequel they made for or against his theories. The most winning was a fine serenity of temper which no personal considerations ever affected. He was an idealist of pure descent, commending his religion by all that it held in his eyes of reason, of morality, of human fellowship, of divine benevolence. He would condone not a single crime against these principles, whoever committed it, and under what pretext soever. He differed from Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, as it seemed to him, precisely at this point. "The inflexible integrity of the moral code," he told Bishop Creighton in a noteworthy correspondence, "is, to me, the secret of the authority, the dignity, the utility of History." And so he judges the Zeitgeist by the conscience; he will not absolve the conscience by the Zeitgeist.

An enlightened and severe judge, dealing with revolution, might be thought likely to prove conservative *à outrance*; but Lord Acton delivers this great summing up in a tone the most impartial of any we have heard among critics of 1789 and 1793. He strives to be the embodiment of reason, to trace the laws which were broken, the benefits conferred, the changes that justice demanded. Perhaps we may get the good of his full yet rapid treatment by keeping open our Carlyle, to which he serves as a perpetual commentary and often as a corrective. German readers—a heavy-minded folk—sometimes disparage the shifting tumultuous scenes of that last of the English epics by calling them magic-lantern slides. But they render back the life, they unveil the deeps, of a portentous reality, well named by the seer "transcendental,"—and, when all is said, there lies the significance of revolutionary France. Hate it or fear it as all the elder institutions did with one accord, it has swept them along into a new era. We live, so to speak, under its sign in the zodiac. We are moderns because it has fashioned the very reactions whereby churches and peoples fought against it.

Carlyle glared into its immense conflagration with astonished eyes, and the murky light lends to his pages their clear-obscure. Acton resolves the flame as by spectrum analysis into its elements; he is always calm; he will not enlarge upon the horrors of September, the blood-stained Carmagnole, the noise of the tumbrils, the drownings at Nantes, the anguish of defeated La Vendée. He is a judge summing up after the dreadful evidence has been laid before us, the jury, whom it

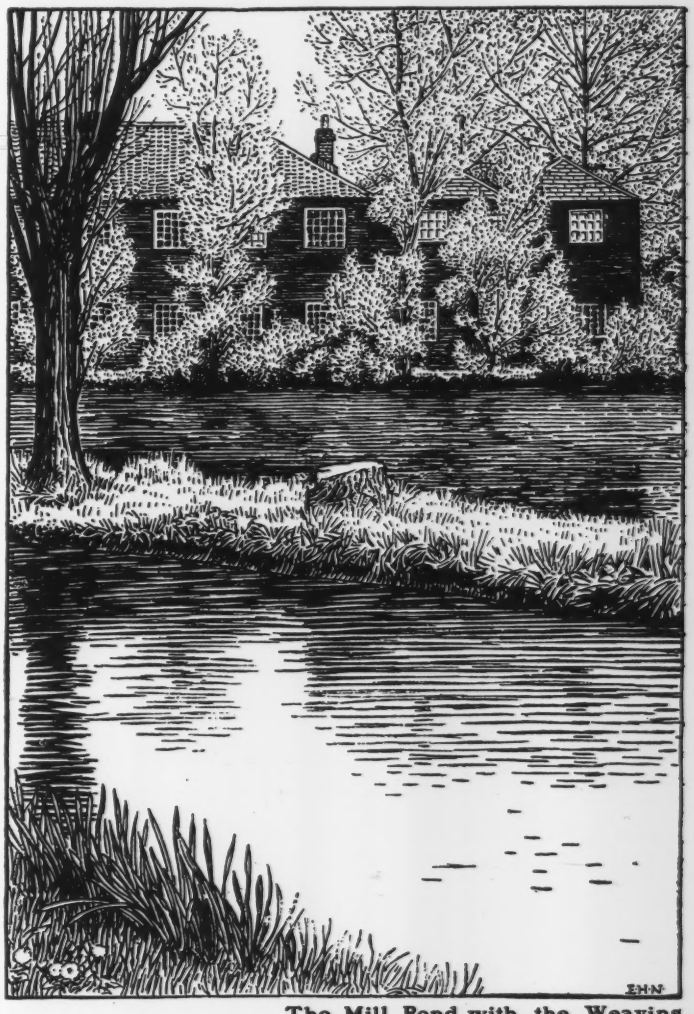
Kelmscott Manor, looking East.

From a photogravure of a drawing by F. L. Griggs, in "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

* "Lectures on the French Revolution." By John Lord Acton. Edited by J. N. Figgis, Litt.D., and R. V. Laurence, M.A. 10s. (Macmillan.)

behoves him to instruct and to guide towards a righteous verdict. For him the condensed, weighty, yet not impassioned style of which he is master determines that he shall neither paint pictures in rivalry with our Scotch Salvator Rosa, nor compose a mosaic of details in the manner of Taine. He considers that we have known all this and digested it; that like himself we are well stricken in years, widely read, tenacious of dates, names, and incidents, as students of history should be. In the sequence of writers he comes last.

This, however, may give Lord Acton enduring fame, provided that his spectrum analysis will stand criticism. He talks of the "science of history." I have always shivered on hearing so un-Aristotelian a phrase. For science deals with necessary and universal truths, with causes acting by law; not with free agents, personalities, contingencies, chances; and where is the "law" that will account for Mirabeau, Robespierre, Bonaparte? How were these particular men necessary products of causes acting by system? We do not know; *ignoramus et ignorabimus*, that is the plain truth. Nevertheless, between science and the mere registration of facts which is hardly more than gossip, we may light upon a middle term. There are the groupings we christen races and nations; there are tendencies striving towards fulfilment; we speak, loosely but effectively, of "the logic of events." Under these conditions, Lord Acton gives more than one account of the Revolution as a whole. The first he has borrowed from Sieyès, a man greatly admired by him. The Third Estate, what is it? It was nothing, it is the nation; and the ruler, hitherto its master, shall henceforth be its agent. No privileges shall remain in government, army, or church; all prizes shall be given to personal merit. Birth shall not be regarded; the dead past shall bury its dead. That is what we are to understand by Democracy at home. What is it abroad? Lord Acton replies—and here is his second account: "The French Revolution was an attempt to establish in the public law of Europe maxims which had triumphed by the aid of France in America." And once more, "By the law of its existence, France encouraged insurrection against its neighbours, and the actual balance of power would have to be redressed in obedience to a higher law."



The Mill Pond with the Weaving and Printing Sheds, Merton Abbey.

From a drawing by E. H. New.

The first workshops were at 26 Queen Square; they were removed to Merton Abbey in 1881. From "The Life of William Morris," by J. W. Mackail. (Longmans.)

America then gives the key to that political philosophy which dictated the principles of 1789, which set up the revolutionary tribunal, which hurled its conscripts against the coalition, which used Napoleon as its sword, and was defeated but not finished at Waterloo, which is now making its journey round the globe. Lord Acton's brief statement of this sovereign idea, in an article dealing with Erskine May's well-known volume, is dated as far as back as 1878. It will prove how consistent he was throughout a varied course of reading and public life. He held that one chief result of the alliance between Philadelphia and Versailles—or between Franklin and Lafayette—was that admiration for English political forms gave way to American principles, but that these were spoilt in the transfer. America had invented democratic freedom, but had also devised safeguards which might check democratic tyranny. State rights, the separation of Church and State, a Second Chamber, a Supreme Court of Appeal—none of these remarkable defences from the despotism of a people were taken over by the French constitution-mongers. "That which weakened the Executive was taken; that which restrained the Legislative was left." The Third Estate, now become the National Assembly, flung aside the King, who was not strong enough to help them in pulling down the privileged orders. But while omnipotent to destroy, they were almost powerless to construct; and their masters were the Jacobins, a centralised minority which spoke in the name of Paris, that is to say, of the mob close at hand. To this consummation had the absence of American checks and balances brought them. On the pretext of equality,

the State trampled liberty under foot. Classes which held any intrinsic or extrinsic advantage were proscribed and their members executed as "aristos," "clericals," "ci-devants," on the general charge that they over-topped the common man, the "sans-culotte" or patriot, who was anybody, so long as he could not be distinguished from the crowd. In this way alone is it possible to explain the policy of Marat, of Robespierre, which defined "terror" as a "form of virtue"—republican virtue. And only thus can we grasp the principles on which, as M. Emile Faguet has lately shown, the Third Republic sets itself, without misgiving, to root out Christianity from the soil of France. The question is not whether religion is true, but whether any association which does not derive all its powers from the State can be permitted to exist.

Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith,
Where Morris lived from 1878 until his death.

I have dwelt on Lord Acton's ruling idea, because it gives form and substance to all his judgments, and is the scope of the volume. When the constitution of the Year III. has been reached, the Revolution as a theory is complete. From that moment France goes out on her adventures fully armed, the Joan of Arc raised up to spread among the nations a pure Democracy. Pure indeed, for it has but one element unmixed with any other, the passion of equality below, which brings forth absolute power above. The people, incarnate in the Committee of Public Salvation, in a First Consul or an Emperor, in a Parliament or a Premier, applies to itself the old Roman saying, "The prince's good pleasure has the force of law." No rights of property, conscience, or person can be pleaded in bar of this unlimited jurisdiction. No private mind will be suffered to withstand public opinion, and public opinion is but a reflex of the official creed. Education means nothing else than to be trained in the civic doctrine; and so the *ancien régime* comes back, a thousand times reinforced by modern methods from which there is no escape. Under both systems liberty expires.

For the dilettante of things past, to whom the French Revolution offers an infinite museum of rare and terrible curiosities, Lord Acton's book must be reviewed in a way which I cannot pursue just now. It revises many established legends; it is especially to be consulted if we would attain the fair truth concerning Marie Antoinette; and it gives the secret history of the flight to Varennes as known from recent documents. It is admirable on La Vendée, though but a sketch. It puts in a satisfactory light the "Civil Constitution" of the clergy, by which the Revolution denied its own principles and went fatally astray. I had marked many other points; these must suffice. We are now passing into a critical stage of our own Revolution, and it remains to be seen whether we can rescue freedom from a full-grown democracy of the Paris type. Lord Acton has shown us, with a wealth of learning and a lucid declaration of the questions at issue, how it was that the French Rights of Man became the wrongs of mankind. Shall we take a lesson from the example?

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best note in one hundred words on the Dickens Centenary and how it should be celebrated.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

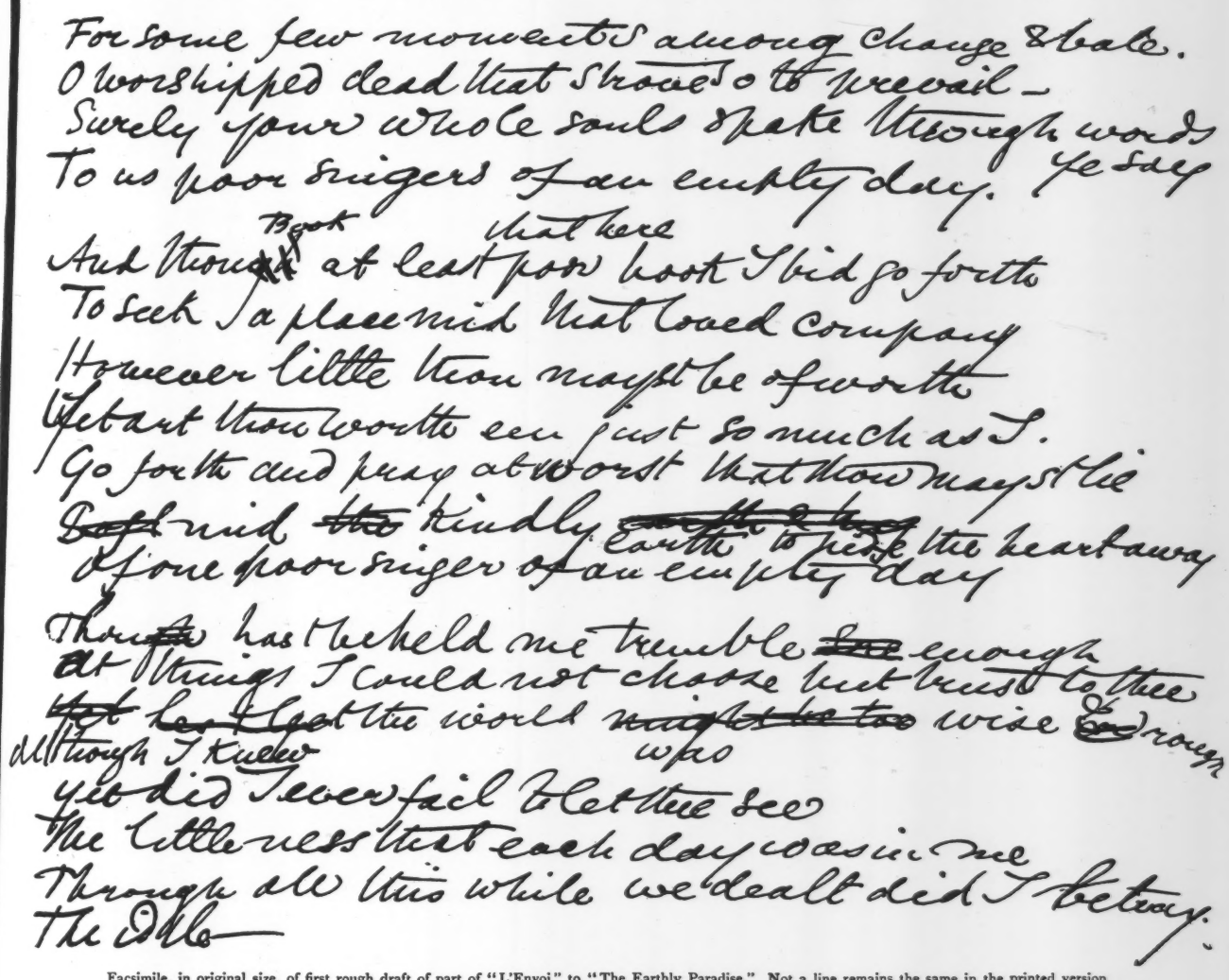
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to VIVIEN FORD, of 14, Woodland Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

MID-CHANNEL. By ARTHUR PINERO. (Heinemann.)

"I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well."

SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.



Facsimile, in original size, of first rough draft of part of "L'Envoi" to "The Earthly Paradise." Not a line remains the same in the printed version and some of it is altered almost beyond tracing.

(Lent by Mrs. William Morris, and reproduced with her permission.)

We also select for printing :

THE MAN WITH A PAST. By A. St. John Adcock. (Stanley Paul.)

" Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back."
Goldsmith, *Epitaph on Edward Purdon.*

(W. R. Clark, 20, William Street, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.)

THE EXCEPTION. By Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

" Though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."
Cowper, *John Gilpin.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

SONGS OF A SHOPMAN. By A. Hickmott. (Fifield.)

" Pay, pay, pay."
Rudyar Kipling, *Absent-minded Beggar.*

(Hermione Milne, 20 Morningside Park, Edinburgh.)

THE MAN WHO DROVE THE CAR. By Max Pemberton. (Nash.)

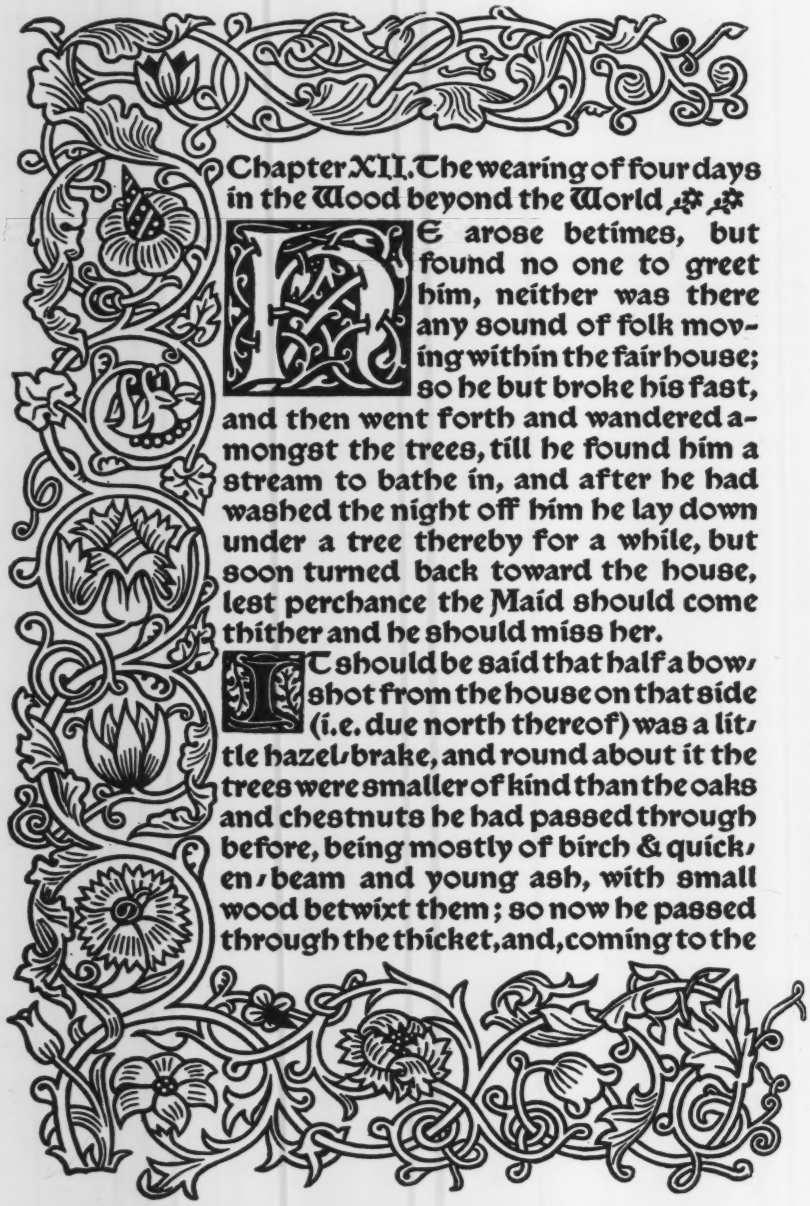
" Gone without parting farewell ; and alas !
Gone with a flavour of Hydrogen Gas."
Bret Harte, *Aspiring Miss de Laine.*

(Zillah K. Macdonald, 169½, Pleasant Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.)

II.—The Prize of Three Books has been awarded to Miss C. M. Walkerdine, of 52, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following :

TO MISS HILDA TREVELYAN.
(Now playing in " The Single Man.")

You were so charming, Wendy dear,
We all are sorry that this year
Our " Peter " has to lose you ;
But fascinating, as of yore,
Demure, and sweet and something more,
We own we are delighted for
A " Single Man " to choose you.


Chapter XII. The wearing of four days in the Wood beyond the World

HE arose betimes, but found no one to greet him, neither was there any sound of folk moving within the fair house; so he but broke his fast, and then went forth and wandered amongst the trees, till he found him a stream to bathe in, and after he had washed the night off him he lay down under a tree thereby for a while, but soon turned back toward the house, lest perchance the Maid should come thither and he should miss her.

IT should be said that half a bowshot from the house on that side (i.e. due north thereof) was a little hazel-brake, and round about it the trees were smaller of kind than the oaks and chestnuts he had passed through before, being mostly of birch & quicken-beam and young ash, with small wood betwixt them; so now he passed through the thicket, and, coming to the

Facsimile, in size of original, of a page from the Kelmscott Press edition of William Morris's romance, " The Wood Beyond the World." The type is known as the Chaucer type, it having been cut for the folio edition of Chaucer that was printed by Morris. The decorative work is also of his designing.
(By courtesy of Mr. Emery Walker and by permission of the William Morris Trustees.)

A very large number of papers have been received, addressed to a great variety of public men. We specially commend the verses sent in by V. C. Turnbull (Guilford Street, W.C.), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Bert Jacka (London, W.C.), J. H. Porter (London, E.C.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), W. Rees (Cardiff), S. A. Doody, W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (South Woodford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. Rippon (Hull), W. W. Pryer (Newport, I.W.), William Morriss (Sheffield), J. C. Church (Castleford), John P. Wynne (Manchester), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Maud Shields (Methwold), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss S. Waller (Boscombe), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), H. L. Mawson (Leeds), T. E. C. (Keswick), William Tranter (Manchester), W. H. Gilman (Devizes), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), T. H. Parker (Stratford- on-Avon), E. A. Mitchell (Addiscombe), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Alex. W. Westmore (Liscard), Edith Bilston (Bridlington), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Chas. W. Guest (Hull), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Joseph Veness (Bromley, Kent), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), and Mabel Roberts (Cardiff).

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Kate Lee, of 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, for the following :

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.
By L. P. Jacks.
(Williams & Norgate.)

These essays deal with philosophy and religion from the point of view

of the Plain Man, who feels that experience transcends all systems, and can not be enclosed in any one of them. The authorsees life through his own eyes. He has great freshness and boldness of thought. His fine literary workmanship is delightful and distinctive. It is a striking idea that perhaps Christianity has not accomplished all it ought, because it is too satisfied with itself as the final word in religion. The essay contrasting the Japanese attitude towards life with the European is also very illuminating.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

NAPOLEON INTIME. By ARTHUR LÉVY. (Nelson.)

All French students will encourage the praiseworthy enterprise which Messrs. Nelson have undertaken in publishing a series of French books. And all Napoleonic students will gladly pay the necessary shilling to make a copy of M. Lévy's "Napoléon Intime" their own. To youthful enthusiasts of this period of history, it will make a splendid "premier" book, for the simpleness of style in which it is written creates a desire to master the stiffer books upon the great genius. It is well, too, to read a Frenchman upon the virtues and failings of the General's life and character.

(Miss E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Hull.)

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT: MEREDITH'S ALLEGORY.

INTERPRETED BY JAMES MCKECHNIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

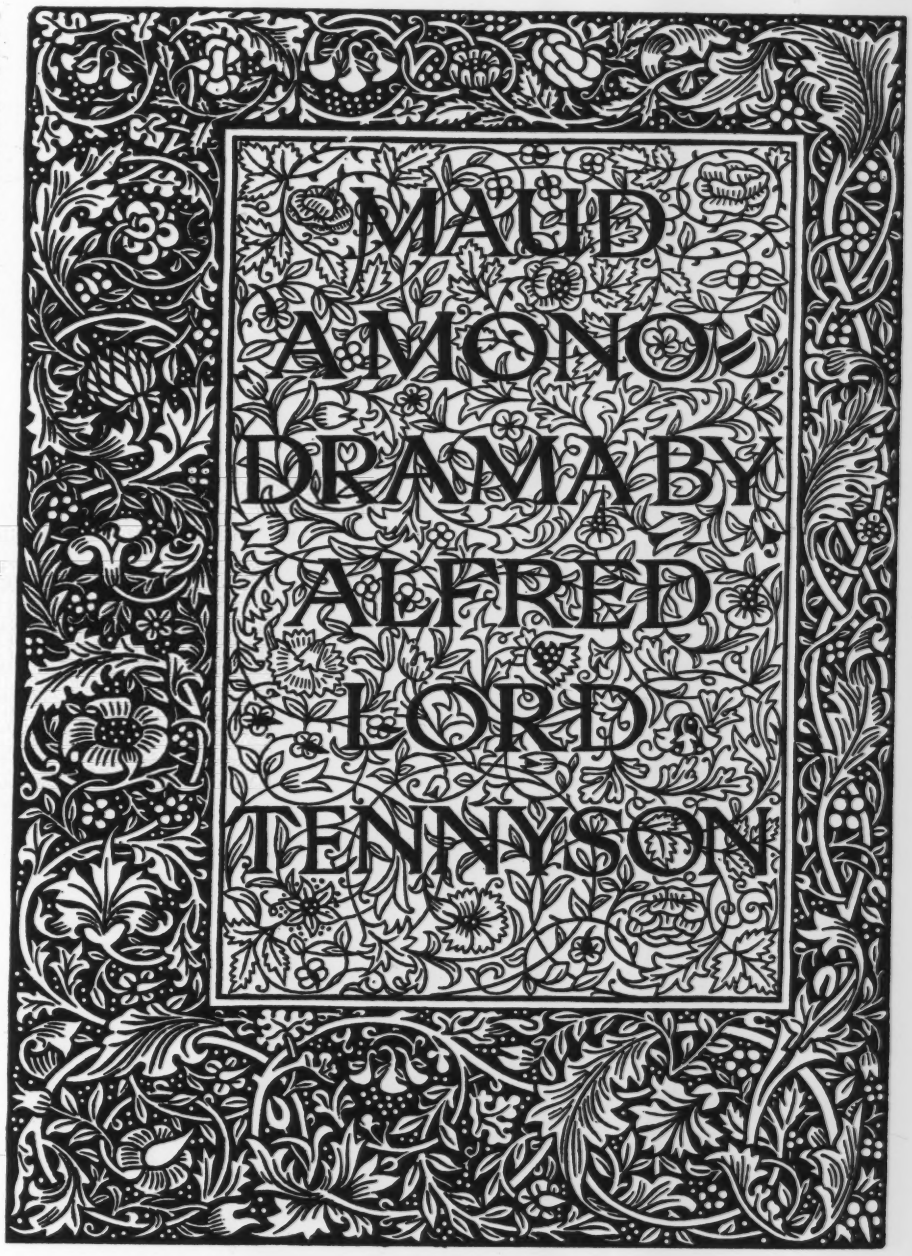
Mr. McKechnie's interpretation is certainly startling, exceedingly helpful, but slightly disappointing—it fails to brighten as it burns. While the author proceeded with suggestive indefiniteness he was pleasing and persuasive, but as he narrowed the field for individual exploration, he increased the grounds of controversy. When theology crept in, conviction ran out. Failing an interpretation in Meredithian terms, the preferable plan was that wisely adopted in the early, engrossing chapters; surely not the unhappy one of linking the Allegory on to Christian teaching. Nevertheless the book is invaluable to all lovers of Meredith; its author deserves their hearty thanks.

(J. H. Langlois, 26, Dorset Terrace, Harehills Lane, Leeds.)

LETTERS TO MY SON. (Chapman & Hall.)

The charm of this book lies entirely in its naturalness and sincerity. That it is devoid of all literary style one cannot deny, and that the sentiment at times reaches almost to sentimentality must be admitted. Yet in spite of this it is full of beautiful ideas and delicate feeling, and the spirit of maternity is portrayed with rare insight and sympathy. It is a book that can hardly appeal to other than the feminine mind, but most women will surely be attracted by these pathetic letters of a young wife.

(Miss S. Waller, Oriel Lodge, Wollstonecraft Road, Boscombe, Hants.)



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Of the other reviews received, several of which are as good as these selected for printing, we specially commend those by W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Jack Hedley (Wimbledon), Editha L. Blaikley (Finchley), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Norma Hamilton Baird (Shutford Mills), Alice M. Page (Sleights), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Raymond Taunton (Coventry), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Nancie E. Hughes (Maidstone), Mrs. Herbert White (Clapham Common), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Miss Richey (Belfast), Effie Lane (Hampstead), Miss J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Margaret A. M. Macalister (Cambridge), Gwen-

doline C. Perks (Norwich), H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Jas. A. Richards (Tenby), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), C. F. Spencer Smith (Winscombe), A. H. Pennington (Oldbury), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth), E. J. Norcutt (London, W.), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), and Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss BLAIR, of St. Andrews, N.B.

FOOTNOTES.

BY ANDREW LANG AND Y.Y.

A MYTH CONCERNING PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In a review of a book by Professor Münsterberg (BOOKMAN, January, 1911, p. 191) is written "it is pleasant to read how the Professor caught Madame Palladino, the great Medium, by the foot," and so forth. If that event is described in Professor Münsterberg's book, he must have altered his original version of the anecdote, given by him in the *Metropolitan Magazine* (February, 1910, p. 571). In the earlier version the foot of Eusapia was captured by "the man on the floor," while Professor Münsterberg and a friend "felt both her feet" under the table. Professor Münsterberg repeated this version in a letter of January 19, 1910. As I cannot suppose that he has altered his version and has claimed a success in detecting the oft-detected Eusapia in which he had no part, the myth, I presume, arose in the imagination of your reviewer, Y.Y.

I am, etc., ANDREW LANG.

[Our Reviewer's Reply:]

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I protest humbly against the insinuation implied in the "and so forth." There was no so-forth whatever. I merely stated in a single sentence that the paper on "My Friends the Spiritualists" was amusing, and why. The first half of that sentence is quoted above, with the omission of some significant words; the second simply mentioned the medium's bitter cry—almost in the author's own words. I made no further reference whatever to the incident.

Your correspondent has not consulted the book. I have again done so and find that I did make a trivial verbal slip, which he is so complacent as to dignify with the title of "myth." It occurred thus. In reading I gathered (as I still do) that the Professor was in command of the detective party, and directed the man who actually clutched the foot. "I had told him," he says, "that I suspected wires stretched out from her body, and he looked out for them"—and found toes instead. In a purposely condensed clause written some days later, I inadvertently attributed the act of the agent to the principal, *qui facit peralium, facit per se*—that is all.

Reproduced from a woodcut by William Morris. Designed by E. Burne-Jones. From "The Collected Works of William Morris." (Longmans.)

Till taught better I fancied that the momentous question was not Whose was the hand? but Whose was the leg? Of course now I must admit without understanding the enormity and far-reaching importance of my error. And it is only fair to infer from the gravity of his tone that your correspondent may have some grievance preying upon his mind of which I am ignorant. He may think that the Professor (who certainly does "claim a part" in the detection) has robbed the "man on the floor" of some leaves of his laurels; then why not look into the book and scold the author. Or maybe some squabble is going on among our Friends the Spiritualists; then I must really leave them to settle it among themselves. If, however, he intervened simply in the sacred interests of accuracy, then——

I hereby solemnly declare that I do utterly detest, abhor, abjure, and recant the damnable heresy whereby for a whole month I have deceived, deluded, and corrupted two continents—to say nothing of the poor dear heathen who may perchance some day receive their moral pocket handkerchiefs packed in my pernicious page. And I implore your correspondent and other tender consciences to forgive the cruel pain and scandal which my roving "imagination" has caused them. And further I do humbly hope that we may now all rest comfortably in our beds, relying with calm faith upon the All-important, the Stupendous, the Irrefragable FACT so nobly vindicated by your correspondent, to wit, that in a certain far-off city a certain Lady-conjurer's Leg—or as the American purists would call it, her Limb—was pulled, not, as a certain ignoramus did falsely boast, by a certain German Professor, but by a certain "man on the floor" of uncertain nationality. Amid the many distractions of life's work and play let us never lose sight of the Mystic Limb and all it symbolises — to the Gradgrinds the hardness of Hard Fact, to the Vain-imaginers some profound spiritual and anti-spiritualist truths. May we all, whether on the Floor or in High Places, grasp the Limb and hold on fast till death. With these serious thoughts and resolves let us to bed—*cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*

I am, Your poor Penitent,

Y. Y.

New Books.

TWO LIVES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

"And yet all his faults are such that one loves him all the better for them"—that is how Jarvis speaks of Honeywood in "The Good-Natur'd Man," and it is exactly what we all think about Goldsmith himself. Boswell may sneer, Garrick talk about "Poor Poll," or Horace Walpole about "that inspired idiot," but nothing troubles us, for we all love him, just as Johnson and Burke did, or Hogarth and Sir Joshua, or that "weeping crowd of men, women and children" who, when they heard of his death, thronged "the staircase that led to his rooms in Brick Court." No doubt he was, to use a phrase of Mr. Lofty's, "a poor impracticable creature," who in business matters "had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow," but when we read the story how, in his Dublin days, he gave away all his bedclothes to "a perishing woman with five children," and was found next morning buried in the ticking of his mattress because, as he explained, "it *was* a cold night, too," then assuredly we take him straight to our hearts. And who can read "The Deserted Village" or "The Vicar of Wakefield"—the novel which Scott said "reconciles us to human nature"—without forgetting all his frailties and feeling that the author is bound to us by close ties of personal endearment? For there have indeed been greater writers, men who have more profoundly stirred the intellect or the imagination, but certainly there is none who steals more intimately into the affections. "Well, I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly," exclaimed Miss Reynolds when Johnson read "The Traveller" to her; and the quaint remark shows perfect justice of appreciation, for to know Goldsmith is to be brought face to face only with what is fair and lovable. He is not a squeamish writer and can at need use plain words, but in a coarse age, writing amid the filth and squalor of Green Arbour Court, he keeps a childlike and uncontaminated mind. He has that constant charm which comes only from purity and simplicity of nature, and although he has his human likings for such vanities as a "Filby-cut peach-bloom coat," yet his style knows nothing of such follies. "Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally, and not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas," or again, "The language of poetry should be as the language of life, and should convey the warmest thoughts on the simplest expression"—these are his own precepts, and he everywhere illustrates them by his practice. Occasionally you may meet a couplet such as—

> "Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
> By Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,"

which is pedantic and irritating, or a phrase like "Opposition, when restrained within just bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission," so that you might dream that you were reading the great lexicographer himself; but on the whole no writer is more free from all pretence and affectation. Whether he writes easily, as when he scribbles off an essay in bed before putting out the candle by means of a well-aimed slipper, or with fastidious care and countless erasures, as when he composed his two great poems, his impulse and his judgment are equally sane and sure. His style indeed has received the fullest meed of praise from men so different as Johnson and Goethe, as Scott and Thackeray, and from a host of lesser critics; but it needs neither praise nor commendation, for the appeal it makes to all of us is the irresistible appeal of Nature herself.

And yet the man who, to quote Garrick's too-famous epitaph, "wrote like an angel," is said on the same authority to have "talked like Poor Poll," and Boswell is never weary of depicting him as the butt of what he chooses to call "our club," while Macaulay in his most authoritative manner asserts on "overwhelming evidence" that "in conversation he was an empty blundering rattle." The same man, it seems, who, when he took up the pen, was easy, graceful, and seductive, when he opened his mouth was dull, awkward, and repellent; and the fable has been so often repeated that it has become accepted as a fact. Yet instinct repudiates it, and the present volumes demonstrate its unreality. Take, for instance, the occasion when Johnson roared to his friend, "Sir, you are impertinent," and later on, after making some tardy apology, received the reply, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill," or that other incident when, referring to the line—

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

the great critic insisted that the last word does not mean "tardiness of locomotion," but "the sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude," and the gentle poet just said, "Ah! that was what I meant"—and what man would not be proud to have said just what "poor Poll" actually did say? Or were "the Jessamy Bride" and her equally lovely sister, when they had his coffin opened in order to kiss his cold brow, likely to be so tender to a clown? And what of such friends as the young guardsman, their brother? or Lord Clare, who sent the memorable haunch? or Burke, Reynolds, and twenty more? They surely did not find Goldsmith dull, but at "the Club" he might well have been often dull. "We had a good talk last night," said Johnson one morning to Boswell; to which the answer was, "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored a good many people," and Goldsmith had a human dislike both to tossing and goring. His own wit was of the sort that plays but never wounds, and he was ill-matched against a champion who, as he himself said, "when his pistol missed fire, knocked you down with the butt end of it," yet the author of "Retaliation"—the best bit of kindly satire in the world—must, assuredly, often have sat dumb only because he loved the uncouth giant "who had nothing of the bear about him but his skin," and was therefore content to be silent when he growled.

But whether Goldsmith talked well or ill is a small matter now. "The Club" is long since closed, and its judgments, except in so far as we are jealous on behalf of a familiar friend, concern us in reality very little. For the true voice of Goldsmith is ever in our ear. *Affectuum potens at lenis dominator*, as Johnson wrote in one of the best and best-deserved epitaphs ever penned—he holds converse for all time with all who, like himself, are touched by a true affection for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." And to all such both the present volumes may be justly commended for their rich and varied interest. Both the writers are equally in love with Goldsmith; both equally abhor Boswell; and both have a delightfully Irish conviction that their author's supposed "social failure" is due to English inability to understand Irishmen. But one book has the conspicuous merit of being less than half the size of the other, and yet containing almost as many facts. For Mr. King is content for the most part to tell us about Goldsmith and to be brief, though always judicious and often admirable, in his comments. Mr. Frankfort Moore, on the other hand, is needlessly digressive and at times acrimonious. The well-known anecdote, for instance, of Johnson putting

* "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith." By F. Frankfort Moore. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Oliver Goldsmith." By R. Ashe King. 6s. (Methuen.)

on his best clothes to pay his first visit to Goldsmith, is good enough by itself, and is only spoiled by two added pages of sarcastic criticism; while, after printing the beautiful letter which Goldsmith wrote to his mother on his return home penniless from some wild escapade, and stating how she then welcomed her son back, he surely might have refrained from speaking of "The prodigal soon getting the taste of the veal cutlet off his mouth." His merits, however, far outweigh his failings, and if, like Boswell, zeal for his hero at times makes him unjust, still we can forgive him much, for he, too, like Boswell, has given us a very good book about a very great man.

T. E. PAGE.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI.*

The importance which attaches to the issue of any new work by Mr. Wells has been a little discounted, in the case of "The New Machiavelli," by the rumours which have been current since its serial publication in the *English Review*. It was credited with being a *roman à clef* and its characters with fidelity to living and well-known originals. These rumours Mr. Wells has taken the trouble to deny, in various interviews and by other means, and though perhaps his explanation, that he has constructed practicable figures by "blending" the characteristics of observed personalities, will not do much to abate the spirit of detective curiosity in certain sections of his readers, it would be a thousand pities if thereby the high quality of his book should be obscured. For my own part, I can conceive only one reason for reading Mr. Wells, and that is my interest and pleasure in the vigorous and trenchant literature with which he expresses himself.

"The New Machiavelli," in point of form, is "the subjective history of an English politician," Richard Remington, whose public career closes with an incident of passion. He is a figure built up minutely and with a convincing completeness, from his beginnings as a child playing with toy bricks on the floor of a shabby room in the suburb of Bromstead. The life he belonged to had shabbiness indeed as its character; it was life upon the fringe of what Mr. Wells calls the possessing minority, and he sketches it in with that manner of breadth and sympathetic knowledge which is not the least of his gifts. Even the evolution of Bromstead from a village strung out upon the main road between London and Dover to a modern clerk-inhabited suburb enters into the account of the child; the processes of this change, and the environment with which it furnishes him, help to explain him like a kind of sociological pedigree. And incidentally it sets the tone which is dominant throughout the book, for the autobiographical hero is never too subjective to observe in a spirit of the keenest objective criticism each phase of life that offers itself to his view. The City Merchants' School, which he presently attends as a day-boy, opens the way to an extended consideration of the methods and effects of modern education; his prosperous Staffordshire uncle is a "clue to a great number of men." Cambridge, the National Liberal Club, to which he used to go "to doubt about Liberalism," are substantial pegs for further reflections and examinations; and he goes through his marriage and his election to the House of Commons in a mood of ruminative interest in the phenomena that such events bring to light. A breach with the Liberal Party gives him his crucial opportunity for making a great personal success, and it is not till he has made it that there appears with any clearness the figure which is to share his final failure—Isabel, whose name is to be joined to his in a story parallel to the Parnell story, "and all the other stories which have picked man after man out of English public life, the men with active imaginations, the men of strong initiative." That is his protest, just before he disappears with her, and sees, as the boat train runs out from Charing Cross, the pinnacles of Westminster and the shining clock-tower, and passes forth to an exile that reduces to futility an equipment designed for great uses.

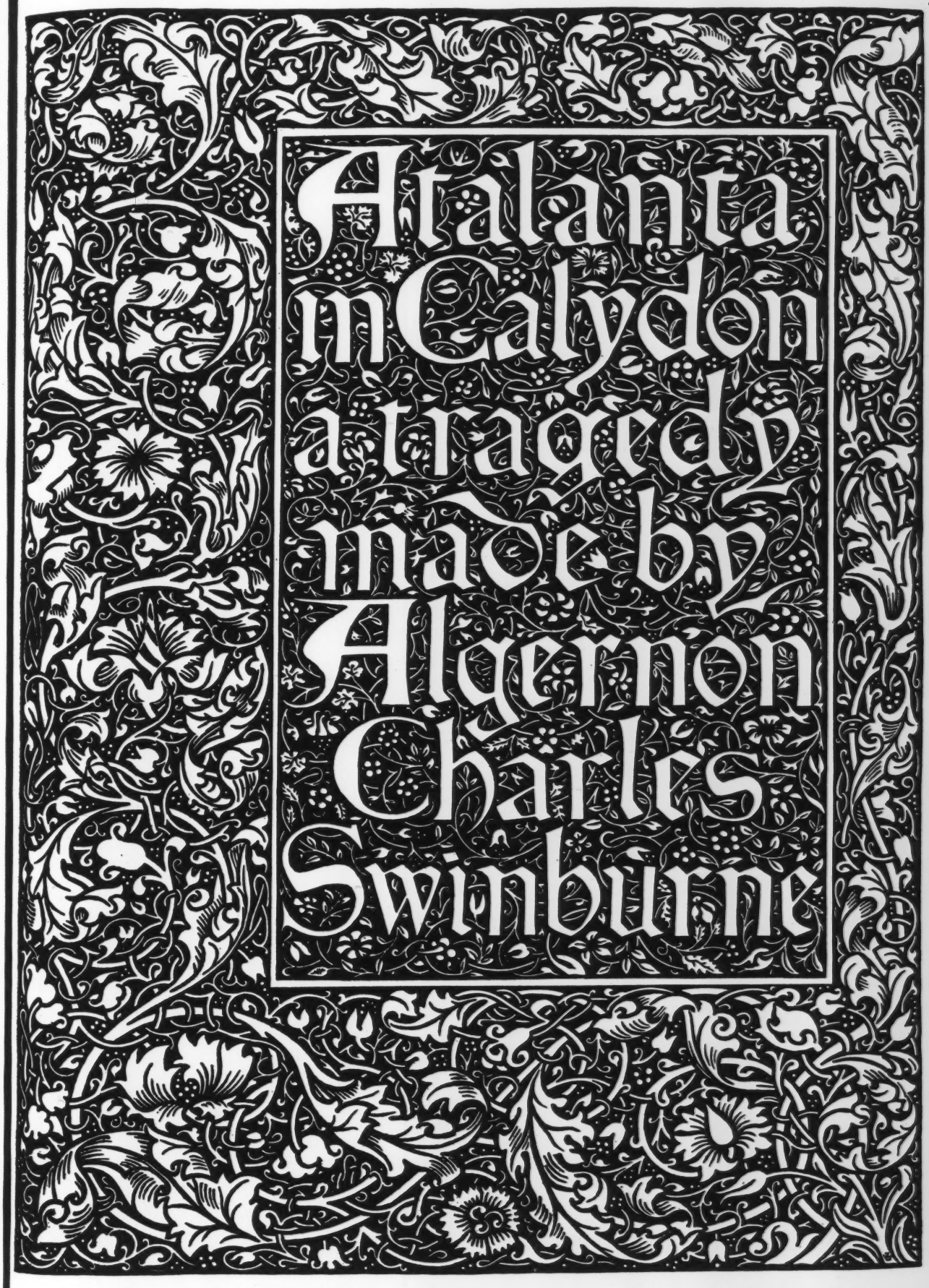
But the bare skeleton of narrative is as nothing compared to the meat on its bones, with which it is rounded out to an embonpoint of over five hundred pages. Remington, perhaps, was not as "fine"—it is his word for himself—as he would have us believe, not so rare, so disembarrassed of instinctive and conventional points of view. But at least he has derived from his author a mind of such remarkable quality, and so complete a provision of theories and social purposes, that it is difficult to regard him as a mere creation. Mr. Wells, I think, has employed many of his own conclusions and opinions in this particular blend; the rhetoric, indeed, is the rhetoric of Remington, but the thought is the thought of Wells. His notion of the mental hinterland, for example—that background which is to be inhabited by the exceptional minds who, in the manning of the ship of State, are to ensure the quality of the quarter-deck; that other notion of the endowment of motherhood, and many of his conclusions regarding education, female suffrage, and other matters; in these, in spite of Remington's repudiation of Liberalism, have we not certain of the saliencies of Mr. Wells that we knew in "The New Utopia" and others of his books? It is only Mr. Wells who sees Bromstead as it is here described, at once mean and significant, paltry and illuminating—not Remington nor another. Like "Tono-Bungay," like "In the Days of the Comet," this book is another contribution towards the end of reducing to "manageable terms" the disorders and inconsistencies with which our social system is complicated, and by which its design is so often nullified. The narrative itself is almost a thing apart; the book is incidentally a novel; it happened to be fiction as some medicines happen to be nice. At the end of it one is very sorry for Remington and Isabel, and sorrier yet for Remington's wife: but the real sorrow is for the pitiful inconclusiveness of men and women at large, who pass their lives in bondage to conventions that have no relation to the realities of existence.

There is a humane spirit which can spend itself in tenderness upon communities gone astray and nations labouring in error, but fails by reason of a certain diffuseness to take account of individuals. That spirit, I think, is a flaw in the character of Remington and in the philosophy of Mr. Wells. His Lettish girl, whose father was murdered before her eyes, and whose sister was outraged by Cossacks, who took for a refuge to the London streets, is pitiable in herself, a figure beyond tears, affording in herself a sufficient reason for pulling down the Russian Empire. To see her as a commentary upon the sex problem is to evade immediacies and shy at the plain implication of facts; it is a kind of inhumanity towards which the philosophical sociologist is particularly prone. It would not be true of Mr. Wells nor of his book to say that he shows himself in general indifferent to the case of the individual, to the small wrong, the particular instance; but it is always disagreeable to see flesh and blood and what they connote rank as counters in a game of Hunt the Meaning. To state the facts of life in clear terms, to test them by the acid of plain English, is to endow reformers, and they will owe much to Mr. Wells, who has ever been foremost in that service. What is to be avoided in such an endeavour is the Blue-Book habit of mind which apprehends men and women as items moving.

"The New Machiavelli" is, in short, a work entirely characteristic of Mr. Wells. It is not merely that Remington, who tells the story, is observant and critical, but he observes and criticises with all the brilliancy and pungency of Mr. Wells. It is a book which will confirm a widely held opinion, that it is not safe to miss a work by this author if one would keep in touch with the spirit of the time. The literary year opens auspiciously with an achievement of such definite worth.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

* "The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (John Lane.)



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OVERLAND TO INDIA.*

When Dr. Sven Hedin set out on his latest journey in Tibet, which provided him with material for his work "Trans-Himalaya," he was not content to reach the Forbidden Land in any ordinary way, but decided to go overland and by a circuitous and difficult route. He began his journey, therefore, by travelling to Batoum on the Black Sea, but, landing in the middle of a political insurrection, found communications interrupted and finally was glad to secure a passage to Trebizond. From this ancient Turkish port, once a great emporium for trade from East to West, he drove to Teheran, over 800 miles, passing *en route* through Armenia, the southern spurs of the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Azerbeijan and Kasvin. From Teheran the journey proper began, with a caravan of camels, and very soon the great Salt Desert was reached and skirted to the south. Few travellers would have cared to extend the experience, but Sven Hedin made a detour on purpose to sample the Kevir (Salt Desert) more fully. After adding about 200 miles to his travels in this way he continued a zig-zagging course south-east until he struck the British outpost at Nasretabad, in Seistan. Sending back his caravan and the two Cossacks lent him in Persia, he continued his journey along the monotonous foot-tracks of Baluchistan to Nushki, where a railway train took the place of camels and dromedaries and carried the traveller back to civilisation again before he once more plunged into Tibet.

It must be confessed at once that this book is by far the least interesting and important that Dr. Sven Hedin has published. From the point of view of geographical research there was little to be done in a region which has been crossed and recrossed by many competent travellers from Marco Polo down to Major Sykes. But, quite apart from this, the method employed by the author does not lend itself to interesting narrative, for the book is apparently made up from a copious diary, into which all the smallest events of the day are religiously entered. Every traveller knows the importance which trifles assume when viewed as part of a long, monotonous journey, but the result of such a photographic method is a book which is too long, diffuse and full of small beer to appeal to the general reader, while even the student will hardly have time to wade through masses of unimportant detail for the sake of those very careful, precise, and often valuable observations which Dr Hedin never fails to make. Incidentally, perhaps the most wonderful thing about the book is the fact that it was transcribed from the author's rough and often barely legible MSS. by his invalid father, aged eighty-four!

These criticisms do not detract from the fact that the author is an artist, not only with the pencil, but with the pen, and he succeeds in getting atmosphere into his pages—it is part of his success that the book is monotonous, for the journey must have been excessively so. The spell of the desert, which many travellers have felt and few can describe is always on Sven Hedin. He never grudges the days spent in desert journeyings. Something of the spell is conveyed in the following extract:

> "Two caravans are making ready for the night's march. The camels are brought forward in long rows to receive their loads. All the camel-bells ring and their beats meet together in a single sonorous peal. How charming is the scene, how soothing and lulling the music, accompanied by the shouts of the men to the camels and their talk as they hoist the loads on to the bearers! There is something grand and imposing in caravan life in Persia, the long wanderings through the desert tracts, the longed-for rest at *rabats*. . . . The large bells ding heavily and slowly, smaller bells chime in, innumerable small tinklers give forth a metallic sound, and the whole loud carillon moves off on the way to Meshed. in two places in the train merry singers are heard, but they are drowned by the clang of the bells, which also dies away in the distance on the road to Imam Riza's tomb, worn for centuries by pilgrims and caravans."

* "Overland to India." By Sven Hedin. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

Not only the desert but the camel is the object of Sven Hedin's peculiar affection. Dog-lovers will always enjoy his pictures of canine friends, and there is one in this book: but, whereas they disappear and are given away without much trouble, he has the greatest qualms at parting with the camel that has carried him for three months. It is easier, he says, to part with men than with camels. Alas! there is little but this particular form of enchantment to draw travellers to Persia. The once great land, with its fair cities and gardens, its proud people and historic monuments, is but a wreck and a shadow of its former self. The author does not diverge much into politics, but he gives an interesting description of the late Shah, Nazr-ed-din, and of his son the ex-Shah (deposed in 1909), to both of whom he was presented. There is a tradition that the Kajar dynasty produces alternately a strong and a weak ruler, so that the little grandson of Nazr-ed-din who is now Shah may stand a chance, but it is not a very hopeful one. Sven Hedin had many opportunities for judging of the evil effects of a system of government which gives every village as a milch-cow to one or other of the Shah's followers or family. As overlords these are able to tax the wretched people at will, and the consequences are only too plainly visible on the face of the country.

In passing through Armenia the author was able to note the bitter controversies raging there between Armenians and Tatars, only varied by reprisals executed on the latter by the Cossacks employed by Russia to pacify this turbulent region. As the political situation in Caucasia was the reverse of settled, the Russians certainly had their hands full. Of the methods employed the author has a good deal to say:

> "To Russia it is a great source of strength that the native inhabitants live like cat and dog, and are occupied by their mutual rivalry—thereby alone is the ruling race able to keep them in check and in impotence. . . . Whenever a dangerous revolt is hatched or breaks out in Caucasia, the authorities have only to incite the Mohammedans against the Christians, to lay hands on both parties after they have mutually exhausted their strength."

While questioning the justice and humanity of such a policy the author shows that, if the Caucasian tribes were left to themselves, their condition would be infinitely worse, and as regards the latter point he finds a parallel in the position of British rule in India. Among the weird incidents of caravan life in Persia is an encounter with a corpse transport.

> "The Shi-ites believe that the nearer they are interred to the grave of Imam Hussein the happier will be their lot after death, and that they will make their entry into Paradise led by the hand of that holy martyr. He, therefore, who has the means willingly leaves in his will a sum of money for purchase of a grave in Kerbela, where the prices vary in differing concentric rings round the central point of salvation, besides an additional payment for transport. For the men who accompany the body on its last earthly journey are also well paid for their trouble. It seldom pays, however, to convey a single body for a long distance, so the corpses have to wait for each other, and only when a fairly large party is assembled do they set out through the abodes of the living."

The Kevir, or Salt Desert, occupies a great deal of space in the book. Naturally the desert proper is uninhabited, for there is only brackish water and no vegetation, but the edge of the desert is haunted, here and there, by shepherds who bring camel and sheep to graze on the low foothills. Sven Hedin comments on the dreariness of such a life:

> "The camel and sheep they tend are not their own, but they are responsible for their safety. I cannot imagine anything more dreary, monotonous, and uninteresting than to pass one's whole life here on the edge of the Kevir, living on meal, roghan, and brackish water . . . for eight months they remain sedentary and see none but three or four comrades. What do they think of? What do they talk about? How do they pass the weary time?"

It is a relief when we reach another element—though it is only a mud-bound, reedy, inland lake. The dwellers

People of Alem.

From "Overland to India," by Sven Hedin. (Macmillan.)

on the shores of the Hamun have, surely, some of the most elementary dwellings in any semi-civilised country, for their tents are made of reeds, roughly plaited, and arranged to form small tunnels or burrows. Their boats are equally unsubstantial, and it took a large fleet of them to transport the traveller and his goods. At Nasretabad we get a description of the British consulate in a city devastated by plague, which provides an eloquent chapter in the story of the white man's burden. The plague which was at that time decimating Seistan is the Black Death of the middle ages, and, had it been allowed to spread to one of the sacred places of Persia, such as Meshed, it would have been quite impossible to check it. A recent mild outbreak in England can give no idea whatever of the ferocity of its attacks in countries where sanitation and hygiene are absolutely unknown. The British and Belgian officials who attempted to deal with the outbreak were subjected to murderous attacks from the ignorant people, whose *mollahs* told them that the Europeans were poisoning them with their medicines. The immunity from plague of the vast majority of those who submitted to injection was already, at the time of the author's visit, beginning to tell, and luckily the plague did not spread to more populous districts, but whole villages in the infected area were depopulated.

Dr. Sven Hedin is not the kind of traveller who makes much of the discomforts he endures, and he spares us, as a rule, the studies in insect-life which necessarily form a considerable part of the preoccupations of those who leave civilisation behind and wander with the primitive and unwashed peoples of Central Asia. His stories of the Persian spider are, however, unusually vivid—more what we should expect from the typical American globe-trotter than from a matter-of-fact *savant*:

"Then there is a large, swift-footed, hairy spider, probably a kind of phalanger, which is said to give a very severe and painful bite. It lives out in the desert, especially on sandy ground and on the boundary of the Kevir. Its curiosity is roused by light, and when men camp in the desert it makes for the camp fire. If they abstain from lighting a fire they may be sure of coming off scot-free. It is said not to strike for defence or out of maliciousness; but if a man passes the night in a lighted tent the spider may creep up inside the tent canvas and fall down on any one sitting or lying below, and to get a fresh hold it strikes its mandibles into any object it meets with, and if that chances to be a man's hand, the blood is inflamed by the poison. The people in Tebbes assured me that if a man kills a female, her mate gives himself no rest till he has exacted vengeance. He will follow the murderer even for 3 farsakh, and is as swift-footed as a galloping horse. He does not run like an ordinary spider, but leaps forward in hops. He never loses sight of the murderer's track, and watches for a suitable opportunity to deal his blow of revenge. Further east, and in Baluchistan, still more monstrous stories are told of the tarantula's watchfulness and vindictiveness."

Through revolutions in Asiatic Russia, through robber-infested roads in Armenia, through the Salt Desert of Persia, along the baking roads of Baluchistan, Sven Hedin rides, calm, imperturbable, observant, unhurried. All this, too, as the mere *preliminary to a great and dangerous enterprise* which took him for twenty-eight months into the Forbidden Land of Tibet. His is the true traveller spirit, and withal this little man, with his slight figure and spectacles, is of the tribe of the great adventurers, is one in spirit with Columbus, Prince Henry the Navigator, Magellan, Raleigh—the heroic figures of a bygone age. His facile pencil gives us many accomplished drawings, usually of types; but more interesting, because more varied in subject, are the numerous and excellent photographs, and best of all are the maps. The two handsome volumes have the disadvantage of being very heavy to hold.

Finally, lest any reader should be confused by the title of this book, it must be stated that the real "Overland to India," once again the subject of railway projects, does not follow the footsteps of Dr. Sven Hedin, and, while less attractive to the seeker after adventure, is a more promising route for those whose main idea in travelling is to arrive at their destination as quickly and comfortably as possible.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

WILLIAM SHARP—FIONA MACLEOD.*

It has often been said that what is called "the double-personality of William Sharp" was one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of modern literature. This is an error. It is caused by magnitude of scale, a circumstance, not an essential, which is confusing to spectators by dwarfing out of sight parallel phenomena.

* "William Sharp: A Memoir." By Elizabeth A. Sharp. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

of more usual size but of even greater complexity. And these parallel phenomena are innumerable. William Sharp had a dramatic conception of a character whom he called Fiona Macleod, through whose mouth he was able to say many things, filling whole volumes with her monologues. Was not Shakespeare myriad-tongued? Did not the many-sided Browning make dozens of such people, whose characters are the world reflected again and again in the different facets of his soul? It is suggested that Sharp and Fiona Macleod were too closely connected for the fiction to be considered merely dramatic. But a man's conception of himself is as dramatic as his vision of another. Shakespeare made Hamlet. If instead of setting his speeches in a play, he had made books of them, a critical work on the art of the actor, a philosophy of doubt, a dozen other works whose latency in Hamlet it would be impossible to deny, we should find many commentators to say that Hamlet was Shakespeare's subtler self, exactly as now they say that Fiona Macleod was a more delicate personality than Sharp. Hamlet, however, happens to be obscured by his thousand kinsfolk, whereas Fiona is an only child, and one whose sayings and dramas have been chronicled at length. Perhaps not an only child, since it would be easy to show brothers for her in the William Sharp of "Vistas," and the William Sharp of the critical introductions to the "Canterbury Poets," both of them dramatic conceptions like herself. But, if not an only child, at least a favourite, whose relationship to her father has been mistaken through his indulgence of her. Shakespeare spoilt none of his children so. We might have argued some poverty of imagination if he had.

The material for Fiona Macleod was close at her creator's hand. William Sharp was partly Celt and partly Scandinavian. From childhood he had dreamed his dreams. A "Celtic Movement" was already in progress, a movement whose gods were those of folk-song and folk-language, whose prophets saw visions with Blake, and turned them into poetry with Mr. Yeats. In his own "Vistas" he had written things that were not foreign to the movement, and had felt in writing them some hostility between work of that temper and the work by which he had become popularly known. Why not let such work be written by some one else? It was different from his own, written with a different conception of himself. Why not cut them free from their past by letting the new writer have a new name? And with a name comes the life. Sharp doubtless felt that his imaginative work was more feminine than masculine, at any rate in comparison with his criticism. In this way was invented Fiona Macleod, who represented in the Celtic writer what was more Celtic than the Celts, who have usually some short past of denationalised existence to live down.

Mrs. William Sharp's admirable "Memoir" shows us Fiona, as it were in process of conception. It is a curious book, a Life of William Sharp and a Life of the character he invented, side by side and contemporaneous. It is as if Mr. Sidney Lee had interwoven into his Life of Shakespeare the biography and correspondence of Hamlet. The correspondence of Fiona Macleod is extraordinarily interesting. Indeed, it will be impossible for the future historian of the Celtic Movement to neglect the letters in this book. Fiona's own letters are a little too conscious of being the letters of an authoress. But those she received, particularly in criticism of her work, are of very high value to any one who would understand at once the mysticism and the craftsmanship of the writers who were grouped under a similar flag to her own. This, for example, from Mr. Yeats:

"... When you use elaborate words you invent with less conviction, with less precision, with less delicacy than when you forget everything but the myth. I will take as example a prose tale.

"That beautiful story in which the child finds the Twelve Apostles eating porridge in a cottage is quite perfect in all the first part, for then you think of nothing but the myth, but it seems to me to fade to nothing in the latter part. For in the latter part the words rise up between you and the myth. You yourself begin to speak and we forget the apostles, and the child and the plates and the porridge. Or rather the more mortal part of you begins to speak, the mere person, not the god. You, as I think, should seek the delight of style in utter simplicity, in a self-effacing rhythm and language; in an expression that is like a tumbler of water rather than like a cup of wine. . . .

"To some extent I have an advantage over you in having a very fierce nation to write for. I have to make everything very hard and clear, as it were. It is like riding a wild horse. If one's hands fumble or one's knees loosen, one is thrown. You have in the proper sense far more imagination than I have, and that makes your work correspondingly more difficult. It is fairly easy for me, who do so much of my work by the critical, rather than the imaginative faculty, to be precise and simple, but it is hard for you in whose mind images form themselves without ceasing and are gone as quickly perhaps."

That is the most illuminating piece of criticism I have met alike on Fiona Macleod and on the prose of Mr. Yeats.

I had meant to quote another letter, from "A. E.," on "people whose lamps are lit and they see wonderful things, but they themselves will not pass from vision into action . . ." but "follow beauty only like the dwellers in Tyre whom Ezekiel denounced, 'They have corrupted their wisdom by reason of their brightness.'" But like many of the letters in this book, letters from Symonds, from Pater, from Wilde, from Swinburne, it awakes too long a discussion.

The book is not only about Fiona Macleod; William Sharp has also his place. We see him making friends in London, "a superb young man—a typical Norseman, as I (Mr. Ernest Rhys) should have thought him—tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed . . ." who "told of adventures in Australian backwoods, and of intrigues in Italy that recalled Cellini . . ." and "appeared to know everybody, to have been everywhere." We see his youth, almost too busy for growth, too hurried for knowledge of himself. Few writers have been so incessantly occupied. He wrote books on Heine, Rossetti, Browning, and Shelley; he edited the "Canterbury Poets"; he wrote "Vistas"; he wrote "Fiona Macleod," and grew so accustomed to her peculiar style that he spoilt his own. "Fiona Macleod," whom I hope to discuss in a second article, *à propos* of the publication of her works by Mr. Heinemann, may or may not be his highest achievement. It is certainly his most famous. But, apart from the question of his work, there is no doubt that this book is the biography of one of those men whose lives are always worth writing, men who have known what it is to be exuberantly alive. Exuberance may sometimes mar an artist, but those who have it die young and are loved by the gods.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

WOMAN AND SONG.*

To a just appreciation of books or of persons, there is necessary first of all a right understanding; and, so far as a book is concerned, its dress and address should go far to prepare that understanding. In this Mr. Thomas has not been fortunate. The title, "Feminine Influence on the Poets," suggests a book for which there is an obvious place, that is to say a treatise that shall seek to exhaust the influence of women on song. Moreover, the form and fashion of this book (handsome, portly, and of expensive price) come forward to suggest that this is even such a book. But Mr. Thomas's method is not that of the treatise-compiler; he is an essayist; his instinct is to hint and suggest when the treatise would exhaust and examine. This is surely unfortunate, for thereby disappointment will perhaps greet some readers who might otherwise have been wholly delighted if they had known what to look for.

In fine, this book is by a charming essayist caught perplexed. For he has schemed it as a treatise and written it

* "Feminine Influence on the Poets." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

as a series of essays. At times this is bewildering, and more than once it leads to serious overlapping. Once at least it leads to confusion. In the chapter "Poets and Friendly Women" we read of Donne's famous marriage, and the lovely unity that thereafter existed between him and his wife, despite the misery of external circumstances that attended them. This is midway through the book; and we begin to wonder, having in mind certain poems of Donne's that celebrate a sufficiently uproarious youth. It is not till we reach another century of pages that we find this treated of as a separate matter, in his chapter "The Tenth Muse." But the story is one, not two. Each period of Donne's life throws a rare significance on the other. By setting the period of "To his Mistress going to Bed" before and beside the dogged penury of Pirford and Mitcham, the authentic and robust Donne lives before us, seeming a very healthy person. Dislocate them, and the back of the ship is broken.

Despite this, Mr. Thomas has given us a book that repays careful reading. An essayist by instinct and function, it is rather his business to be delightful than to be a discoverer. And he is delightful. It is for this reason that possibly the best pages in this book are those that treat of "mad

Mrs. Cowper, Mother of the Poet.

From the painting by D. Heins.

From "Feminine Influence on the Poets," by Edward Thomas. (Martin Secker.)

Clare," and the best chapter the one entitled "Women, Nature, and Poetry," in which this is contained. There he treats of much that concerns the very essence of poetry, and he has things to say, in his dainty aerial way, that are strangely illuminative of the very heart of things. As for example when he says that "poets are not merely writing figuratively when they say, 'My love is like a red, red rose,'" but "that they are to be taken more literally than they commonly are. . . . What they say is not chosen to represent what they feel or think, but is itself the very substance of what had before lain dark and unapparent, is itself all that survives of feeling and thought, and cannot be expanded or reduced without dulling or falsification." That is a true thing well said, and in its light the mad songs of mad Clare come to wear a new beauty and significance. Moreover, it throws a broad ray of transcendental light over all the whole volume of love-poetry. The poems, nay, more, even the subjects of the poems, become significances in a quest that is unceasing and eternal. Fanny Brawne, however common and unworthy, becomes a test of the eternal truth in Keats, making the Ode to the Nightingale doubly true, even though the fire she waked in him took him to his grave.

Its light on the subject-matter of this book is direct and therefore obvious. It is unfortunate that Mr. Thomas, seeing this, has not girt his loins for a voyage of discovery in this ocean through which keel of ship has never yet cut. His method has been to see it afar, and hint it. That he has hinted it in a fragmentary fashion, splitting the unity of interest not only in Donne, but in Sidney, even Wordsworth, and others, is a fault. There is another fault—that it is well to speak of now, so as not to close on the note of blame: it is that the index is not only incomplete, but gives not a few references that the text fails to substantiate. Nevertheless, he would be a fastidious reader who did not achieve delight in the reading of this book. It is not long, despite its bulky proportions and goodly price; and its style is adapted to its treatment, being far from spacious. In fact, it is not a book to stir the bright and exultant eye; but it emphatically is a book to handle and to read delicately and delightfully.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE WORLD OF LIFE.*

As a summary and completion of his half-century's work on Darwinian Evolution, Dr. Wallace's new volume is of special interest alike to those who are familiar with his contributions to scientific literature and to those whose acquaintance with these is not so intimate as they should like it to be. Bare of technicalities, and written in a popular style, the book will appeal to a wide circle of readers. Intellectually and otherwise it is characterised by a freshness surprising in an almost nonagenarian production.

About one-fourth of the book is taken up with the distribution of plant and animal species—a very interesting sketch of the causes and conditions of distribution over the earth's surface. The author observes that every detail of the wonderful modifications of structure, function, and coloration described has "been due to general laws in operation for countless ages, and that every minutest character, as they occurred through successive variations and became fixed in each species, had a definite purpose, that is, were of *use to the creatures which exhibited them*." This characteristic of *use*, well shown in the chapter on Variation and Heredity, is viewed as an expression of the Mind in Nature for which Dr. Wallace craves the recognition of science. In the exposition of Heredity, Galton's numerical law of inheritance and the law of recession towards mediocrity are used to explain why men of genius often have parents who are not distinguished, and why the children of notable men do not usually equal their fathers in ability. Modern Mutation and Mendelism are lightly touched upon and dismissed as "hopelessly inefficient"

Dealing with the power of Increase as a factor in Natural Selection almost equal in importance to the constant variation going on in Nature, the author refers to a plant that Kerner says might (under the necessary conditions) cover in three years an area equal to 2,000 times that of the land surface of the globe. He further illustrates this factor with the case of Paramecium, one of the infusoria, which multiplies so rapidly that if it *could* keep on increasing for about two years would produce, in bulk, enough to fill a sphere *larger than the known universe*.

In another part of this delightful book may be seen a surprising account of the maligned mosquito's importance in the economy of Nature. It is in the Arctic regions, of all unexpected places, that the *Culex damnabilis* of Rae has its existence justified—in that land of marvellous transformation scenes where for eight or nine months of the year every plant and bush within the Arctic circle is

* "The World of Life." By Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

buried in snow, which melts away before the approach of summer at the rate of some four miles an hour, and disappears in a week; where in other twelve hours the wood-anemone is in bloom, and in twenty-four hours the golden flowers of the marsh-marigold open: that paradise described by Seebohm, where perpetual day smiles on sea and river and lake, where animal and vegetable life flourishes, brilliant flowers and birds of gay plumage and melodious song abounding as in no other part of the whole world.

The last six chapters are more directly related to the first one, and are explicitly teleological: "Proofs of Organising Mind," "Is Nature Cruel?" "The Purpose of Diversity," are chapter-headings sufficiently suggestive. It is impossible in so short a review to consider the "New Teleology." Dr. Wallace's fascinating illustrations of design in Nature are essentially Paleyan. But both Wallace and Paley may be justified scientifically upon the basis of a true criterion of the nature of Intelligence, wheresoever manifesting.

WILLIAM BUIST.

VIEWS AND OPINIONS.*

I don't know how I came to picture Mr. Arnold White to myself as a self-opinionated, obstinate person who was always spoiling for a fight and never to be convinced that he was in the wrong. But that, I confess, is the notion I had of him, and I sat down to "The Views of 'Vanoc'" expecting to find them full of thorns that would jag and provoke me into frequent disagreement with him, but the very fly-leaf of the book disarmed me. For on the fly-leaf is a charming dedication to Mr. Richard Butler, editor of the *Referee*, in the course of which, having mentioned that the language and opinions of each of these essays were duly discussed at the editorial table before they were printed in that periodical, Mr. Arnold White says: "Where we have differed, and I have had my way, I generally found afterwards that you were right." Now the contributor who can speak like that of his editor is a rare and reasonable being; it is simply impossible that he can be intolerant, for the last man that an intolerant writer will tolerate is his editor. Consequently, I started to read these essays in a chastened spirit, and before I had reached the end of the book I had rubbed out that picture of Mr. Arnold White and painted myself a new and a pleasanter one.

Not that he is distressingly mild and soothing; he has his prejudices and meets you often enough with some strong and knotty opinion and tries to knock you down with it in a most exasperating and stimulating manner; but you feel always that he is in earnest, that he has really thought out his position and, right or wrong, holds it in all sincerity and because he has an honest belief in it, and not merely because he is pugnacious and bent on putting himself in opposition to others. He is genial and broadly humane; knowing his views on "the sterilisation of the unfit" I had not expected to find him so moderate, so restrained as he is in the essay on that subject; and he has gentler moods in which he discourses of life and books and Nature with peculiar felicity. But now and then, even when he is writing of Nature and the habits of birds, some burning question of the day will obtrude itself, as King Charles's head did in Mr. Dick's Memorial, and I don't think that if he went into it in detail, Mr. White could successfully maintain, for instance, that "supporters of the 'right to work,' to eat, and to breed might take heed of the parable contained" in his story of the owls and the voles, nor that "from the quarrels of birds the man in the cloth cap may learn something." There is absolutely no analogy between bird life and the lives of men. The beautiful working of the law of the survival of the fittest has often been illustrated by references to the animal kingdom. Mr. Carnegie, I remember, once wrote a special article in the *Daily Mail*, showing how perfectly it worked amongst birds. But that law does not get a fair chance among mankind; here when one of the fittest happens to be in embarrassed circumstances and resorts to violent but perfectly natural means in order that he may go on surviving, an unnatural force comes into play and thwarts his endeavours, and thus many of our unfit who have inherited or acquired money are enabled to survive under police protection. There is no police force in the animal kingdom, and that makes a lot of difference.

I am afraid I belong to that section of the public that Mr. White condemns as sentimentalists, for I object strongly to his schemes for segregating the unfit, not so much because such schemes are inhuman as because, although they sound hearty and masculine enough, they are so romantic and unbusinesslike; they are the ideals of a dreamer, a visionary, and not of the practical man, who really is, you will always find, a sentimentalist. You cannot hope to treat human beings as if they were vegetables; you can't just root up the bad ones and throw them aside when you consider them unfit. You have got to realise that they are as human as yourself, and take that into account. Then, who is to decide where the line of fitness and unfitness is to be drawn? If I were on the committee of selection I should insist on segregating most of our Napoleons of finance and quite a large number of men whom a majority of their constituents think capable of representing them in Parliament; many of these are much more harmful to the community than thousands who are unfit in other ways. So far as the poor are concerned, the sound sentimental, practical ideal is to see that the children of this generation are properly fed, sufficiently educated, decently housed and reared amidst healthful surroundings, then we may reasonably expect that the men of the generation after the next will be a more satisfactory race. We have no right to turn suddenly and make outcasts of men who are what they are largely because in the past we, as a nation, neglected our duties towards them. I don't believe in encouraging the parent who brings up his children badly to take the selfish, short cut and get rid of a nuisance to his comfort and his reputation by disinheriting and disowning them.

But I have left myself no space to say much of the many essays in the book that I have wholly enjoyed and for which I should have had nothing but praise, such as that on "The Feeling for Flowers," most of those about "The Way of Life," the five concerning "The Unseen," and the nine delightful papers touching on "The Enigmas of Daily Life." Coming to those on Socialism, to such as "The Mending of Marriage," and "Concerning Spinsterhood," and to the series headed "On His Majesty's Service," we are on strongly controversial ground again, and any adequate discussion of them would fill every hour of the longest Arctic night and an incalculable number of columns in a very large paper. It is enough to say that the whole book makes excellent reading; that Mr. Arnold White has a clear, vigorous, attractive style, is an independent and original thinker, is always interesting, and perhaps never more so than when he is most provocative.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Views of 'Vanoc.'" By Arnold White. 5s. net. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE BEAUX.*

There have been books on Beau Nash, and books on Beau Brummell, and books on Beau D'Orsay, and there have been books containing essays on various dandies—for instance, "The Wits and Beaux of Society," by Grace and Philip Wharton; but Mrs. Jerrold is the first to attempt to write a connected history of dandyism in this

* "The Beaux and the Dandies: Nash, Brummell, and D'Orsay, with their Courts." By Clare Jerrold. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

country from the Lord Carlisle of James I.'s reign to Count D'Orsay. Such an account of the English beaux was wanted, and we are grateful to Mrs. Jerrold for having essayed the task of writing it. "The Beaux and the Dandies" is an excellent book, and it is clear that its composition was a labour of love, for Mrs. Jerrold is devoted to the gentlemen whose manners and costumes she so graphically describes, and, indeed, herself bowing the knee before the masters of dress, she takes it ill that there should be any with soul so base as to refuse to do homage with her. "There is no doubt that humanity in general considers dress to be essential; and every normal person takes, according to leisure and opportunity, thought as to what is suitable and becoming," says Mrs. Jerrold; but, as she then proceeds to point out, the standard of beauty for one person is the standard of ugliness for another:

> "A man clothes his legs in pipes, wears a pipe with a curly brim on his head, and bends his neck with a hard white band which gives the effect of semi-strangulation. Then he goes abroad pleased with and proud of himself as a well-dressed, fine-looking gentleman. A woman places a bee-hive or an inverted flower-pot on her head, puffs out her chest like a pouter-pigeon, wears a yard-wide skirt tied round her ankles or her knees with a piece of ribbon, and totters along the pavement with a sickly show of self-content."

Mrs. Jerrold thus pours scorn upon modern fashion, and few will be foolhardy enough to say a word in favour of the hobble-skirt or the frock-coat, but when the author goes on to pray that "some new Beau would burst upon the world in sufficient glory and strength to induce men to dress comfortably and beautifully," we take courage to point out that the Beau has hitherto not inculcated the principles of comfort in dress: we dare even to whisper that the introduction of starch into neckclothes—a most diabolical invention—was the work of the greatest Beau of Georgian days. Mrs. Jerrold says that she has heard unqualified scorn poured upon the Beaux by her friends, "who carry their chins high because of the stiffness of their collars, and seem so unhappy about their knees when they sit down, evidently fearing lest the straightness of their nether garments will not be maintained when they once more rise to their feet." Yet if men do their best to prevent their trousers from bagging at the knees, surely that is a concession to beauty of attire, for is their anything more inelegant than a pair of trousers that bag at the knees? But on the whole, the modern tendency is to put comfort before formality in the matter of clothes, and to such an extent is this carried nowadays that I have seen a group of people go straight out of a drawing-room into the garden and play cricket without any change of attire, save the doffing of coats. Imagine Nash and his friends playing cricket in their afternoon clothes, or Brummell and the Watier Club set going for a country walk without special preparations!

The Beau made costume the be-all and the end-all of his life, and so he was of interest to those whose minds were similarly occupied. He was usually an ass and a selfish libertine and a gambler, though it must be confessed the leaders generally had special qualifications that would have served them to better advantage. Nash was a great organiser—in these days he would have earned a respectable competence as the producer of pageants; D'Orsay was an artist, and had he been born half a century later might have become the "Spy" of his times; Alvanley was a wit, and his *mots* would circulate to-day as those of a Brookfield. Brummell must always be mentioned alone: the giants cannot be ranked with ordinary mortals. He was the Beau of Beaux, the acknowledged dictator of society, and as witty as any man. Oscar Wilde must have wished he had said some things that Brummell uttered, and certainly Brummell said some things that remind us of Wilde. Brummell was asked to take under his wing a young man just launched upon the town, but the young man did not make headway in society, and some one reproached the Beau. "I did my best for him," said the great man. "I once gave him my arm from White's to Watier's"—a distance of about one hundred yards. But Brummell's masterpiece of wit was uttered when he was a penniless exile at Calais, and an Englishman arriving at Calais expressed great pleasure at seeing him, because there had been a rumour of his death. "Mere stock jobbing, my dear fellow, mere stock-jobbing!" airily remarked the broken-down Beau.

The Beaux have gone and they will never reappear, for the men of to-day have too much to do to devote their time exclusively to consideration of clothes. For my part, because they were picturesque, I am glad they have existed, but I am very happy to think that they have not lived to dress another day.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

George Brummell. **A Ball at Almack's.**

From "The Beaux and the Dandies," by Clare Jerrold. (Stanley Paul.)

TILLERS OF THE SOIL.*

I never quite like to meet with a poet among the characters in a novel. I don't know why, but I can never altogether believe in him; to me he usually seems to bring a touch of unreality into the most realistic story. Again, having a natural weakness for talking "shop," I invariably enjoy any talk between a novelist's characters concerning literature and critics, but I read it with an underlying suspicion that the author is making opportunities for expressing his private views on books and working off old scores, and that, on artistic grounds, perhaps those passages were better away. Not that I object to the critics being roughly used; I have my own opinions of most of them, and probably some of them have no opinion of me; but in real life I have not found that the general reader takes much interest in them, unless he has written a book himself, and then he naturally dislikes them or looks down on them.

Therefore, I rather wish Mr. Patterson had not made Lucien Kingdom a poet, and had not let him and 'Ola talk about literature. It is good talk; it does not happen often, and I enjoyed it each time it did. The poetry of Lucien's that is given is excellent, and makes me hope that Mr. Patterson will presently publish a second volume of his own poems; and it is perfectly fitting that the daughter of such a farmer as 'Ola's father was should take a living interest in books and talk of them intelligently: nevertheless, because of those unreasonable personal prejudices of mine, I wish Lucien had not written poetry, and that the two had not talked about literature. It would not be worth while saying this if the characters were not so admirably drawn; Lucien the clever, adaptable young American, and 'Ola a charming, practical, lovable English country-girl, are very vividly realised, life-like, entirely human, and the love that grows up between them and, seeming destined to no happy end, rounds off rightly after all, is handled with fine and unerring cunning. The farm hands, the parson and his wife, the local shopkeepers and gentry, are a series of brilliant and subtly realistic character studies, but the greatest character in the book, and one of the greatest to be found in any modern novel, is Abe Shuttleworth, the Yorkshire farmer who has transplanted himself into Essex, and it is the story of Abe that forms the pivot on which this book of Mr. Patterson's moves.

Years ago Abe had made the one big mistake, committed the one black sin of his life; and it had resulted in the death of his wife and the ruin of himself and another. Whilst that other, the woman Tamar, is serving a term in prison, he quits Yorkshire, severs connection with all his friends of the past, and with his only daughter, 'Ola, begins a new life on a farm in Essex. There is a large, epic touch about the tale of his struggles against cramping local conditions; his resolute efforts to introduce up-to-date methods of farming, to induce the neighbouring farmers to combine for their common benefit; and the jealousies, distrust, and dislike in which his independent, successful ways involve him. All this is written from such an evident fulness of knowledge, from such an intimate acquaintance with the country and the people depicted, that it grips and holds the reader's sympathies with an interest that is only secondary to the more intensely human story of Abe's private life.

For a day comes when, on her release from prison, Tamar discovers his whereabouts, arrives unexpectedly with her luggage, and calmly announces that she is there to stay. Her quiet, self-possessed determination baffles him; she remains, and when on the urging of his daughter, who knows all about that terrible past, he speaks plainly to the intruder and asks her to go, she flatly refuses. "No, I shall not go, Abe. If you turn me out—that is another matter. I cannot compel you to let me in, not legally. . . . No, I shall not go—like that." He feels that he is helpless; he could not forcibly eject her without scandal; moreover, he cannot deny that the past gives her some claim on his protection; but whatever charm she had for him is completely broken—he is nearer hating her than loving her, and apart from the promise he had made to his dying wife, the thought of mending matters by marrying her is repellent to him. So she stays, and thereafter through all the story of his fight against petty local obstacles and for the betterment of the people he lives among, there is that shadow of his old sin to fret him at home and haunt him abroad, with the hourly possibility of the truth leaking out, and the consequent scandal undermining all his influence, covering him with shame and making his bold and altruistic schemes impossible. The end is not such as any reader will foresee, but it is the right end; a natural and satisfying one to an engrossing and powerfully realistic romance.

The great scenes of the book are developed with a keen dramatic instinct, and the whole story is rooted in the inhospitable soil and clothed in the misty lights and harsh atmosphere of Essex, and largely shaped by the native crabbedness and narrowness of its people with a ripe art that has something of genius in it. There are perversities in Mr. Patterson's prose that might irritate the stylist, but he has handled a big theme with a vigour and triumphant mastery that no mere stylist could ever achieve.

A.

* "Tillers of the Soil." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MAKARS OLD AND NEW.*

There is little breaking of fresh ground in these anthologies. Nearly fifty years ago Mr. J. Ross published an admirable "Book of Scottish Poems," answering, as far as it went, almost name for name to those "makars" who have been included in the present collections. In some respects this earlier compilation was a more useful book than either of its successors. It ran to 760 pages, and was furnished with biographical and other notes, which are wholly absent from the newer anthologies, where a series of bald dates is practically all that is served up to us. There is no information, for example, as to who is who amongst modern representatives of the Muse of Scotia. For the earlier names there need be no difficulty, but readers will want to know to whom belong such names as Malcolm Macfarlane, and Thomas Pattison, and Henry Whyte, and Agnes Lindsay Carnegie, and Rachel Ann Taylor, and John Hogben, and Maria Steuart, and others. Good versifiers all, it is a legitimate desire to know more about them. The books, however, are full of charm despite this lack of the biographic element. Here we have, generally speaking, the cream of Scots poetry from the time of True Thomas, as far back as the thirteenth century, to "dear Andrew with the brindled hair," in our own day. Faced by such a superabundance of poetic wealth it cannot be quite so easy as it looks to compile an anthology. Both Professor and Baronet must have felt their limitations. But the wheat has been deftly separated from the chaff, or rather, as has been said, the cream from the milk. And this operation over, Scotland may well be proud of her place in the Literature of Poetry.

Only writers of Scottish origin have been included. This does not mean that the line of demarcation is drawn at the vernacular. Much exquisite verse wholly Scottish in tone and feeling, if not in sound and rhythm, lies outside the sphere of the vernacular. The principle on which the anthologists have proceeded is the broadly national one, rather than the dialectic. As Scottish verse, they assume whatever is the work of Scotsmen, whether in English or Scots. This is therefore to include such writers

* "The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse." Selected and edited by W. Macneile Dixon. 7s. 6d. net. (Meiklejohn & Holden.)—"The Book of Scottish Poetry." Chosen and edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

as Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Campbell, James Thomson—men who never fashioned a line of pure Scots poetry. Even Scott himself may fall within this category, for it was seldom that he couched his verse in the Doric. As was to be expected, the collections resemble one another pretty closely, the same specimens constantly cropping up. There is on the part of the editor of "The Edinburgh Book" an attempt at popularising his selections from the older authors. Sir George Douglas, on the other hand, approaches the text from a scholar's point of view, making his transcriptions from well-known recognised authorities, and in the case of the Ballads drawing almost entirely from Sir Walter, whose versions he considers "beyond comparison the best." The number of omissions is striking. Indeed, this is the one serious blemish on both books. How curious to find the poet and historian of the Border Country leaving out Leyden and Aird while including Pringle and Laidlaw, William Knox and Scott of Bowden. Surely that perfect gem of Leyden, his "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin," and Aird's masterpiece, "The Devil's Dream," or his enchanting lines on "The River," were far worthier a niche in "The Book of Scottish Poetry" than the dozen pages of execrable stuff devoted to "Jonas Fisher," Earl of Southesk. Unpardonable also is the representation of R. L. S. by his eight lines of "Requiem" only. And Sir George himself has many things better to show than the rambling, bucolic "Border Breed" ballad, racy of the soil though it is. The omissions, we say again, are peculiar and tantalising. What has become of Blair's "The Grave," or Grahame's "The Sabbath," or Pollok's "Course of Time," or Falconer's "The Shipwreck"? These are among the most notable Scots classics, albeit in English. One marvels, too, that in one of the volumes no place has been found for Robert Gilfillan, or Thomas Lyle, or William Thom, or William Tennant, or Alexander Wilson, or James Montgomery, or John Mayne, or John Lowe, or Joanna Baillie, or Elizabeth Hamilton, or Mrs. Grant of Laggan, all of whom have written at least one imperishable set of verses. Manifestly all who go by the name of bard could not be included; but the omission of the names just mentioned is palpable enough. Still, "it's gey an' easy cavilling," as Stevenson would have said, and spite of disappointments, the anthologies are not at all badly done, and they constitute a compendium of singular interest and pleasure to all good Scots, and to lovers of Scotland everywhere.

W. S. CROCKETT.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.*

Many different classes of public men will be grateful to Sir Robert Anderson for this delightfully written book of recollections. They may not agree with particular conclusions which he attaches to particular groups of facts, but they will unquestionably recognise the sincerity and the earnestness that have gone to the making of this volume, his high sense of public duty, and the intimate and confident tone in which he has become entitled, by right of usage, to speak of stirring public events that have never yet been set in their true perspective of national interest and importance. Sir Robert Anderson's life has been spent wisely and generously in a great round of public activities and secret dangers, and it is only when you reach his closing chapter and reflect on the pictures of a strenuous and busy life he has passed so rapidly before your eyes that you possibly for the first time recognise what it means to be a faithful and conscientious servant of the public engaged in Secret Service work.

Politicians talk lightly about our Secret Service operations when no gaunt terror stalks about the land. In the House of Commons to-day the vote is usually received with a certain amount of chastened dislike or ill-natured banter, but if we carry our recollections back to the times when the Fenians were real palpable figures of mystery and mischief (I lived in Dublin at the time and remember what my mother suffered), we shall get into the true atmosphere in which Sir Robert Anderson lived and worked; we shall catch something of the excitement that attended the deliberations of the then Home Secretary and the Cabinet; and once again we shall feel something of that vibrating thrill of horror that swept over this country at the time of the Phœnix Park murders and the Clerkenwell Explosion.

There is a good deal left unwritten about the official side of Irish politics, more than can be told with safety at the present juncture. Again and again in the stories that Sir Robert Anderson tells in this book about the traffic in arms and explosives you catch hints at developments that never swing adequately into the limelight, yet, on the other hand, the story of those troublous emotional days is never ill or clumsily done. Sir Robert Anderson always goes fairly before us with a lantern illumined by knowledge, experience, and a shrewd and penetrating personality, and so, as we have said, many public men will be glad to ponder on its pages—politicians who remember those hot feverish Fenian times too well, or too little; men of Trinity College, Dublin, who wonder how one of their number contrived to distinguish himself in so strange yet so responsible a sphere of the English Civil Service; lawyers and detectives who look back to his rule at the Criminal Investigation Department with pleasure and gratitude; and many, many others. To the general reader, of course, this work will be welcome purely on its merits as a book of recollections, for within the range in which he has carefully ringed himself Sir Robert Anderson is, in the revelations he gives of a little-known department of public life, extraordinarily vital, informing, and candid.

STANHOPE W. SPRIGG.

* "The Lighter Side of my Official Life." By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

FANCY FARM.*

Nobody could accuse Mr. Munro of being unduly conceited when he declares at the very outset of this novel that he is going to record the diverting experiment of Sir Andrew Schaw to train the Ideal Wife. In every way he is as good as his word. Sir Andrew himself—or Captain Cutlass, as he is familiarly termed—is a most whimsical character, who combines in a bewildering fashion the most unpractical and at the same time the soundest common-sense notions, in accordance with which he acts just as the fancy takes him. We get a pretty shrewd notion of what we are to expect when we find that Sir Andrew, who is now a widower, married his first wife under a complete misunderstanding, having proposed by telegraph to one of two sisters while he was under the delusion that he was courting the other. Undaunted by this mishap Sir Andrew announces his desire for a second wife, and his recently emancipated ward Norah immediately and in secret takes steps to provide him with the required article by inviting to the house a school-friend of her own. Complications promptly ensue. Sir Andrew, beaten in a curling match by the post-boy, undertakes to assume his duties for one night, and in that capacity drives to his own house not the young lady who is destined for him, but her companion, Penelope Colquhoun. The situation thus briefly outlined lends itself, of course, to vast possibilities. Sir Andrew, as may be guessed, becomes deeply interested in his "fare," persuades her to remain as companion to Norah, and endeavours to mould her as far as possible into a likeness to that young lady. The whole neighbourhood naturally concludes that Penelope is to marry the baronet, with the single exception of one Miss Birrell. "Stop you!" she says. "Stop you! and Sir Andrew will surprise you!"—

* "Fancy Farm." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)

a fairly safe pronouncement considering Sir Andrew's character and one not unworthy of the Delphic oracle.

As it turns out Miss Birrell is right and everybody else is wrong. Penelope learns by chance what is being said by the neighbours and she promptly revolts against the notion that she is being moulded to a pattern, even though it may be elegant and pleasing to her friends. She sickens at the thought that all her recently acquired accomplishments such as riding, dancing, fencing, the cultivation of a more subdued deportment and tone of voice have been forced upon her with this object in view and at the expense of her own individuality. In a word Sir Andrew's schemes crash to the ground just as surely as did those of Sir Austin Feverel, and we never like Penelope better than at this moment when her eyes are at length opened. The conclusion is, of course, obvious. Sir Andrew marries Norah after all, and Penelope becomes the wife of Mr. Reginald Maurice, who, thanks in no small measure to her frank criticism of his verses, has very wisely abandoned the rôle of a minor poet for that of an active partner in a big shipbuilding firm.

Readers of "Fancy Farm" will, we feel sure, find every satisfaction in this working-out of Mr. Munro's entertaining story. Despite the prominence into which she is thrust, Penelope is not nearly so sympathetic and so lovable a character as Norah. All the forcible and original sayings which are put into Penelope's mouth fail somehow to convince us and we are left cold by them. With Norah it is quite otherwise; and we can only account for Sir Andrew having remained blind to her essential superiority for so long a time by the presumption that he had not acquainted himself with the lessons of "The Blue Bird." In addition to the leading characters whom we have named, Mr. Munro has added several of minor importance who are thoroughly skilfully drawn, and the book is made up of many quaint episodes and expressions of pawky humour which should serve to increase the author's reputation as an observer of Scottish life and customs.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.*

Douglas Jerrold's reputation is cut to the same pattern as Dr. Johnson's, but smaller. Neither in person nor in personality was he so large a man as the Doctor, but like Johnson he talked better than he wrote, and as a result he is more famous than his books; we know him less now through his own works than through the works of others. He said immortal things, but could not write them. Touching on his death, the *Quarterly Review* remarked, "In the brightest sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal," and one who knew him well wrote, in describing the brilliance of his talk, "He sparkled wherever you touched him, like the sea at night."

Nevertheless, with Jerrold as with Johnson, though the man was greater than the author, the author was great enough to be well worth knowing, and if you have never made the acquaintance of his books you have missed a good deal of varied and excellent reading. In his own day, as dramatist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer he enjoyed an extraordinary popularity; competent critics, as his grandson, Mr. Walter Jerrold, here reminds us, did not hesitate to couple his name with Thackeray's, and there were times when Thackeray took his rivalry so seriously as to be jealous of him. His "Black-eyed Susan" was a phenomenal success and held the stage for years; his "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" made the world laugh almost as much and as widely as "Pickwick" had done a little earlier; "The Story of a Feather" is the tenderest and most charming of his stories; but I think nothing of his writing stays more vividly in my memory than his bitterly satirical novel, "St. Giles and St. James," and certain of his comedies. His name was such a name to conjure with that it was found profitable to publish a collected edition of his works and serialise it in weekly numbers at three-ha'pence; but that was sixty years ago. The bitterness of his jests, the saturnine quality of his humour were the measure of his sincerity; he had a profound sense of justice, a hatred of snobbery, a most passionate sympathy with and pity for the poor, and a man so fashioned could not make jests in such a world as this without putting a sting into them. Even in the pages of *Punch*, when he is deeply moved by some social wrong or political jobbery you find him passing from jest to downright earnest with a vigour and burning seriousness that do not characterise our only comic paper nowadays.

Caricatures of the "Punch" Staff.

Thackeray in left top corner, below him Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold.
From "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," by Walter Jerrold. (Macmillan.)

In the long run, Jerrold's literary fame will probably rest on his contributions to *Punch*, for which reason, as well as for the intrinsic interest of the book, one is glad to have this full story of his connection with that journal and the work he did for it. Some time before *Punch* was started he edited and wrote for a short-lived paper called *Punch in London*. He was away at Boulogne when the greater *Punch* made his first appearance, but he had already been enlisted on its staff, began to contribute to its second number, and for the next eight years he was one of the most constant and voluminous contributors to its pages; under his influence *Punch* was uncompromisingly Radical in politics and became a power to be reckoned with in the political world; there was a fine ferocity in his humour, a biting earnestness in his satire when he dealt with such questions as the House of Lords, or Protection, and Mr. Walter Jerrold quotes some of these things that are as up-to-date and effectively applicable again to-day as they were when they were first written.

Jerrold was certainly one of the great men of his generation and did more to mould its thought and give direction to its energies than did many of his contemporaries who are now more famous, hence much of his best work was ephemeral—simply because it was concerned with burning questions of the hour that have long since burnt themselves out. He is a great memory; a man of strong individual genius whose sayings and writings are well worth writing about, and good to read about; he enjoys the rare fame of being as interesting in himself as others are in their books.

Mr. Walter Jerrold jewels his chapters with many of Jerrold's witticisms and characteristic anecdotes by and

* "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*." By Walter Jerrold. With 25 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

about him; he introduces also a goodly selection from his miscellaneous contributions to *Punch*, and in the second part of the volume publishes four of Jerrold's *Punch* serials that have not before been reprinted: "Capsicum House for Young Ladies," "The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe." "Our Honeymoon," and "Exhibition of the English in China." "Our Honeymoon" is a delightful little sketch, and the other three are full of shrewd sarcasm and quaint humour. The book is well indexed, contains a bibliography, is illustrated with a number of portraits and drawings, and is, in a word, thoroughly entertaining reading and a valuable contribution to the literary history of the last century.

A.

Novel Notes.

NONE OTHER GODS. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson is a novelist who always succeeds in interesting us whether he is revivifying the past or portraying the present. He interests us anew in his latest story, the romance of the life and death of Frank Guiseley, and yet he does not quite succeed in convincing us of the reality of it all. The opening scenes in Cambridge are capital, where we see Frank the hero of many escapades and practical jokes, arranging for his departure in consequence of a row with his father, Lord Talgarth. The final rupture is caused by Frank having become a Roman Catholic, and the young man—having realised what money he could by selling his college effects—afoot and light-hearted takes to the open road, determined to earn a livelihood by the labour of his hands. He falls in with a disreputable couple, The Major and Gertie, in the course of his trampings and so finds his way—pleading guilty to an offence that he has not committed—to prison. He is a kind of modern Quixote, having, for the sake of the woman, taken "the Major's" punishment; later he induces Gertie to return to her people, and is fatally assaulted by the man for whom he has suffered, and that just as a doubly fatal motor accident had made him Lord Talgarth. There is here, as will be seen, more of melodrama than Father Benson generally gives us, but it is less by its incidents than by its characterisation, and by the literary effectiveness of its presentation, that the story interests and holds us. In these regards it is a worthy companion to its author's earlier novels.

THE WONDERFUL BISHOP. By Morley Roberts. 6s (Nash.)

Mr. Morley Roberts has, of course, long been known—when occasion offered—as a humorist, and here in "The Wonderful Bishop" he is at his best. The volume is a collection of five stories which are too long to be called "short," and too short to be called novelettes. The first four tales, of which the best seems to be the title-story, are somewhat similar in theme and treatment. Moreover they all carry out the indication of the sub-title, in that the scene of each is laid in London. The last of the stories, "The Child of Chance," is the one which we prefer to the others. Here Mr. Roberts breaks away from London to "the lonely and inaccessible vicarage of Littleton-in-the-Marsh," and the longing of the vicar's two daughters for something to happen. They are just on the point of revolt when something does happen. A young man of attractive appearance, while descending a hill on his bicycle, loses control of his machine, and makes a sudden appearance through the drawing-room window. This gives him concussion of the brain, and on coming to the patient believes himself once again to be a baby. So the sisters at last have something on their hands. Mr. Roberts's chief fault is that he is sometimes rather too exuberantly generous in the matter of humorous situations, and some of his comedies are accordingly perilously near to farce. However, nobody can fail to be amused with "The Wonderful Bishop" and its fellow-stories, and that, after all, is probably the principal reason for their existence.

THROUGH THE CHRYSALIS. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (John Murray.)

Miss Montrésor's latest novel shows all the qualities which have already won her a public of intelligent readers. The end of the story trickles out a little. More attention to the craft of story-making would have rounded off the tale of Babette with a sufficient hint about her marriage to the loyal Siegfried. But this is almost the only flaw in a thoroughly interesting and graceful story. Babette came to England under false pretences, and Miss Montrésor has worked out with real skill the development of her character, in relation to her real father, her pretended relatives, and the pathetic, brave Mary Anne Tavey. The interest of the reader is neatly divided between the aristocrats and the poor, between whom Babette's existence flits. The women of the story are particularly well drawn, both French and English. But the heroine is the chief charm. The light colours of autumn butterflies, says the authoress, "are developed by their struggle to get free" from the meshes of the cocoon, and Babette's character wins its brilliance from her struggles to escape from the coils of a false position. The idea is pretty, and it is prettily developed in Miss Montrésor's pages. We sympathise with her annoyance on finding, at the last moment, that her original title of "Bitter-Sweet" had been already used, but after all, the present title suits the story better.

DENIS TRENCH. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

"Denis Trench" is a very long book, and in some ways it might possibly have benefited by a little compression, but we have no wish to cavil at the work of an author who comes before the public so comparatively seldom as does Mrs. Penrose, the more so as her work is always readable and sound. The writer carries the tale of her hero from the age of nine until he has become a successful novelist. As we have already hinted, the book is not faultless, but the author's sincerity and the skill with which she sketches in her hero's surroundings—particularly the Irish scenes at the beginning of the story—will go far to reconcile even the most fastidious of readers. On the whole, we feel inclined to class "Denis Trench" as the best novel which Mrs. Penrose has yet given us, and the "plotless history of how he followed the gleam and worked out his own salvation" makes as worthy and as readable a book as is likely to be published this season.

THE WEREWOLF. By W. B. Beattie. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Mr. Beattie belongs to a growing school of romantic writers who are discarding the tawdry conventions so dear to the last generation, and are developing an artistic and historical conscience. A red robe, delicate lace ruffles, and a suggestion of sinister conspiracy used to be sufficient "properties" for a Cardinal; a lurid countenance, a heavy riding crop, and vague talk of vermin-haunted dungeons completed the Grand Seigneur. Lately, however, there has sprung up a tendency to write what, despite the strange juxtaposition, we must call realistic romance, and it is under some such head as this that Mr. Beattie's novel must be placed. "The Werewolf" is a very tragical

history. Its title is the name given to an inhuman Vicomte by his terrified peasantry, and its story is mainly concerned with the adventures of a certain Jeanne le Feu, who is marked out for his particular vengeance. In Paris she comes under the protection of the great Cardinal de Retz, but even this cannot save her from the clutches of the Werewolf. In the last chapters of the book she is rescued from the Vicomte's dungeon by his own son, but only to die from starvation and ill-treatment. Mr. Beattie paints with a bold and unerring brush. His colours are vivid, and his figures stand out well against a sombre background. His character sketch of Cardinal de Retz is, in its way, a literary masterpiece, his picture of the Salon Rambouillet, though a trifle irrelevant, is dramatic and effective, but it is on the character of Jeanne that he has spent the greatest sum of his labours. His conception of the passionate highly strung girl, always hunted, trustful of deceivers, placed by circumstance in every false position, and still patient, gentle, and affectionate, is one of the most moving things in a stirring and absorbing novel.

THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

From a quiet, rather conventional beginning, this story advances to an emotional, even thrilling succession of incidents. The mistress of Shenstone, Lady Ingleby, pacing the terrace, receives a telegram from an old friend announcing his visit to her. This old friend, we soon learn, has come to break the news of Lord Ingleby's death at the war. Lady Ingleby had respected rather than admired her unresponsive, talented husband, but had felt a longing for some better understanding with him; and the horror of his death—not in battle, but by an explosion caused by the mistake of a comrade—leaves her lonely and broken in nerves and spirit. A long, quiet stay in Cornwall is advised, and she goes there under another name, longing for privacy. It is there that she learns what a great and absorbing love means, and in Jim Airth, who knows nothing of her real name, she meets her affinity. From this point sorrow seems to dog her, and she realises that she has given her love to the one man in the world who feels he cannot accept it, much as he loves her. As the story nears its end things happen quickly, and the authoress rises to genuine strength and pathos. The story is full of life and movement, and we are glad when we realise that it is to end without tears.

THE PRIZE. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Story after story flows from the pen of this authoress. "The Prize" is the third of her second series on the Balkan States, and readers of "The Heritage" will understand the scene and the lines of its sequel. Danaë, the heroine, is a Striote madcap or rather wild-cat, but her adventures end happily in marriage with the English Armitage, though this end is not reached until a bewildering succession of adventures has been undergone. "Sydney Grier's" books never lack brightness and colour. The glaring chromo-lithograph frontispiece prepares one for what follows, and murders, kidnapping, and rebellion provide plenty of excitement for the reader who is interested in Danaë's semi-savage personality. The present reviewer confesses to a strong distaste for novels bespattered with long Greek names, but he must also confess that the romantic swing of the novel carried him over this prejudice unawares.

DOWN OUR STREET. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The doings of the folk who live in "our street" are related in an easy, pleasant style; and we feel after reading the book almost as if we had once lived down "our street" ourselves, so clearly and naturally are the various characters drawn. The book is light and entertaining, though the humour of it is at times rather overdone. It is a delight to meet with a person like Mrs. Bean with her indomitable cheerfulness and courage. Everybody must like her in spite of her blunders, her terrible hats, and her habit of doing the unconventional thing. She is full of quaint little sayings which she always attributes to her husband, although he has never said anything like them in his life. "As Herbert always says," she observes, "if you try your very best to make the best of it, you take the worst out of the very worst of it," "A clever person with no sense of humour is like a bucket without a handle—it holds things, but you don't get much comfort out of it." We could do with more genuine, good-hearted Mrs. Beans in real life. The author has a keen insight into human nature; she draws her characters vividly and well, and arouses the reader's interest and enlists his sympathy for every one of them.

THE TESTAMENT OF JOHN HASTINGS. By A. C. Fox-Davies. 6s. (Long.)

In his latest novel Mr. Fox-Davies once again introduces his remarkable barrister, Ashley Tempest, and that gentleman's ingenious assistant, the private detective Yardley. They again have a problem to work upon which is fully worthy of their powers; indeed, this time it may fairly be said to have been somewhat beyond them. The book centres around the mystery of a murder, for which no fewer than three different men are tried. The trouble is that there is an excellent case against each one of them, but Mr. Fox-Davies has set out to show the unreliability of purely circumstantial evidence, and show it he does, even at the expense of his hero. "The Testament of John Hastings" presents a problem which is not entirely unsolvable, and the book is none the worse for that, but we are quite sure that not one reader in ten will arrive at the correct solution before the author sees fit to supply it. We can strongly recommend Mr. Fox-Davies's remarkable mystery story. It is a wonderful book in its way.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF NIGEL BLAIR. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Disappearance of Nigel Blair," as the title intimates, is a mystery-story; and it is as absorbing and thrilling as the heart of the most mystery-loving reader could desire. One may be sure that if Miss Florence Warden sets out to tell a tale she will tell it well; the way in which she keeps the reader on the tiptoe of expectancy and the interest keenly alive from start to finish in her latest novel is a triumph of narrative skill. She overcomes with ease the difficulties to be encountered when a plot necessitates keeping the reader in the dark, yet not too much in the dark, till the close of the tale comes within sight. The mystery here gathers round the Blair family—Mrs. Blair, her son Nigel, and a daughter. Nigel is in the habit of disappearing mysteriously and suddenly at intervals, and no one save his mother knows where he goes to at these times. One day a strange elderly gentleman arrives in the village where the Blairs live, makes inquiries about them, and by-and-by wends his way to their house. Mrs. Blair and Nigel are overwhelmed with despair on seeing him, and we are plunged into deeper uncertainties than ever, till the truth is revealed. There is a strong love interest, and our sympathy is won for the four young people who are for so long encircled by a cloud and find the course of true love anything but smooth.

MARTHA VINE. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

The sub-title of this novel is "A Love Story of Simple Life," and it is the sanest, most normal account of "simple life" we have met with for several years. There is in it the plain, intelligent directness that most of us have loved

in the novels of Thomas Hardy; the canvas is not so big as were Hardy's canvases, nor the issues on so large a scale; but the slow revelation of character by a hint, a spoken sentence, a sigh or an ejaculation is forceful; the cumulative strength is impressive. Martha Vine at eighteen leaves London with her parents and brother and sister, and changes the life of streets and gloom and ugliness for the life of a village and a country vicarage. It is in these simple surroundings that Martha first feels love, and, after smarting under a girlish, unreturned admiration for the only seemingly marriageable man in the neighbourhood (who becomes her brother-in-law), is drawn against her will, instinct, and fastidious taste towards Stephen Flint, a countryman who toils with his hands, lives near to nature, and is looked upon by Martha's relatives as something between a labourer and a wastrel, with a touch of unusualness and individuality. This is a book with distinctive style and undoubted merit; and its satisfactory ending is doubly so from its inevitableness. To have left Martha lamenting would have been banal.

GILEAD BALM. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

For the series of mysterious quests, the quest of the Wax Hand, the quest of the Rose-Ring, and so on, which make up this entertaining novel, Mr. Capes has tapped in a wholesale manner that source of endless romance—the agony column of a daily newspaper. Gilead Balm is a young Government clerk of philanthropic predilections, who reads with unfailing regularity the appeals for help advertised in this column. The unlooked-for acquisition of an enormous fortune enables him to gratify his desire to investigate and respond in a practical manner to these appeals, and an agency is formed under his direction, the most mysterious and alluring cases being dealt with by Gilead in person. It is unfortunate that the opening quest—that of the Sleeping Beauty—should be the most commonplace of the series; and it is not until the startling sequel set out in the final quest is reached that one can forgive Mr. Capes for calling his villain Winsom Wyllie. This name following hot upon the sufficiently extravagant one of Gilead Balm suggests at the outset that the author is laughing quietly up his sleeve, an idea which is strengthened rather than otherwise by the grandiloquent, elaborate diction affected by the courteous Gilead and others. Many of the mysteries investigated are decidedly ingenious, but Mr. Capes is at his best when broadly farcical, as in the delightful quest of the Obese Gentleman.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Centenary Biographical Edition. Vols. I. to VI. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

Various people are making a variety of arrangements for celebrating Thackeray's Centenary, but it was left to Messrs. Smith, Elder to adopt the most adequate and entirely satisfying way of all, and they have taken it in publishing this handsome Centenary edition of the great novelist's works. It is to be complete in twenty-six volumes, and the first six, which are now ready, include "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," each in two volumes, and "The Yellowplush Papers" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," with certain of the minor tales and sketches, in one volume apiece. The books are prefaced with the finely intimate biographical introductions by Lady Ritchie, in which she tells from personal recollections, from private letters and family records, something of her father's life and much of how he came to write each of his books, and in what circumstances they were written; incidentally you are made acquainted with persons he used to know, and incidents and events of his childhood and early years that, diversely disguised, play their parts in his stories. Whatever may be said against the art of some of Thackeray's own drawings, they are so delightfully characteristic, and have become so inseparably associated with his tales, that no lover of Thackeray would be contented to see them replaced—many of them, indeed, could not be—and all the reproductions of them here are admirable. The edition will contain in all about five hundred separate plates, besides numerous other illustrations by Thackeray himself, by Luke Fildes, du Maurier, and other famous artists, and twenty-six chronologically arranged portraits of the author from the age of three onwards. The books are a wonder of cheapness; they are well bound and excellently printed, and so complete, to the inclusion of some hitherto unpublished articles, as to make this an ideal edition of Thackeray in every sense of the term.

THE VICTORY OF LOVE. By C. C. Cotterill. 2s net. (A. C. Fifield.)

Mr. Cotterill's preceding book—"Human Justice for Those at the Bottom"—was a brave and noble venture, and the word "brave" is used advisedly, because in these professedly unconventional days a new convention has sprung up, of which all sophisticated communities are afraid—the convention which treats outspoken depth and simplicity of ethical emotion as cant, and those elemental truths, which are the basis of humane civilisation, as truisms that are best consigned to oblivion. No right-minded man or woman could read, unmoved, the burning appeal of the earlier book; for it expressed that profound sense of social agony and injustice which of itself constitutes an actual dynamic power in the direction of reform. And this found utterance not with the bitter vacuity of a cynical onlooker, but in the spirit of an apostle who points to a remedy. Yet this later book is more satisfying than the first, for in its limitation lies an added impressiveness. Concise, concentrated, even reiterative, it brings a clear and fervent light to bear on those ever-present facts which we conveniently ignore as either too obvious, or too transcendental, to be so much as noted, and brings home to the reader the conviction that in those facts our very life is rooted, either for good or for evil, and that if we would reform the social fabric, we must not forget that the key to such rebuilding depends on each individual soul, as well as on the community in its corporate capacity; for the only master-key to reconstruction to be finally baffled by no lock, however difficult, is the key wrought of a wise and untiring love. On this subject Mr. Cotterill has a right to speak, for his own creed of universal brotherhood, as exemplified in his plan of life, is no shallow sentimentalism or cheap literary attitude, but a practical and self-renouncing faith which is daily translating itself into action. In questions of detail the present reviewer does not by any means always see eye to eye with him, and, while hating party methods, would probably at this juncture be found in the opposite wing of the political army—a fact which may claim the greater attention for this tribute from an opponent—but the moving force of the world lies not in method, though method is important, so much as in the divine energy which transfuses and impels it, and the same machinery may hurt or help, according as it is vital with love's tenderness, or cold with a cruel, self-regarding indifference. One of the most telling points in Mr. Cotterill's analysis—for the book is analytic as well as synthetic—is his assertion that the opposite of love is not hate, but hardness. Browning's Aprile knew that "even hate is but a mask of love"; but the true hostility is hard and cold and blind. Mr. Cotterill regards "Mammonism" and class-separation as supremely hardening influences of the worst kind, and is unremittingly thankful that his own years of boyhood

at a provincial grammar-school brought him into close and familiar touch with those not born into his own order, and thus created lifelong intimacies and friendships with the poorest of the poor. The closing chapters deal with various social problems and international relations, but with those controversial matters this brief notice does not pretend to deal: it is enough for the moment if the main thesis be emphasised, and the book be warmly commended to all thoughtful people.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN CANADA. By the Duke of Argyll. 6s. (George Allen & Sons.)

This volume is published under the auspices of the League of Empire, and is one of the first three numbers of a series known as "The British Empire" which will appear from time to time. The aim of this series of books, in the words of the editors, "is to give people, young and old, at home and throughout Greater Britain, a trustworthy, absolutely authentic description of British interest, resources, and life all over the Empire." The note throughout the series is to be absolutely non-political—"it is only a question of Imperialism"—and that an attempt has been made to carry this out is proved by the authors who have been selected to write the first three volumes. Besides the Duke of Argyll, Sir J. D. Rees, M.P., has written on "Modern India," and the Right Hon. John Xavier Merriman, who was until recently Premier of Cape Colony, has dealt with South Africa. Of course it is impossible to eliminate all politics, by even the most careful selection of writers, and the Duke of Argyll, while presenting us with a very useful and complete outline of Canada to-day, interjects a chapter on Preference and the impassivity of Great Britain under Cobden ideas. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish this section of the book from the ordinary pamphlet issued by the Tariff Reform League. Moreover—and this is not the noble author's fault, as the book was written some time before the event—there is no mention of that sentiment for Free Trade which has been recently expressed by some 30,000 Canadian farmers in the North-West Provinces, who are anxious, as they have declared, not to let the poor of Great Britian suffer by a tax on corn. But apart from these matters, the Duke of Argyll has a deal that is interesting and useful to tell us. Especially does this hold good of his chapter on naval and military defence, in which he gives us a much-needed *précis* of the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Canadian statesmen on this now prominent subject. In an appendix, the Canadian Northern Railway is dealt with, and the volume, besides a copious index, includes also an excellent map of the Dominion.

THE DISCOVERER. By F. Frankfort Moore. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are two dramas in this book: "The Discoverer," which retells the great story of Columbus and his discovery of America; and "In the Queen's Room," a brilliant little one-act play that deals with one of Mary Queen of Scots' love affairs, and was successfully produced by Mr. Edward Compton at the Opera Comique. Mr. Frankfort Moore's ripe narrative gifts serve him well in both of them. Too many of our modern dramatic poets seem to give their first and most of their attention to beauty or prettiness of language and the nice harmony of their blank verse; the chief consideration in a play that is to be effective is, of course, the story it has to tell, the development of its characters, and the strong dramatic presentment of it. Mr. Moore's blank verse is always adequate; it may not be jewelled with magic lines and precious phrases, but it is harmonious, strong, flexible, easily varying its tone and quality to suit the different characters; and his story is unfolded with consummate skill. The first thing needful with the dramatist is that he should be dramatic, and this Mr. Moore is; he so fashions "The Discoverer" that it is unflaggingly interesting as a story, and would undoubtedly prove forceful and impressive as an acted play. Unlike most dramas intended for the stage, these two make excellent reading; and unlike most intended for the study, one has proved and the other would as surely prove effective in the theatre.

THE HERKOMERS. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Last spring Sir Hubert von Herkomer published "for private circulation" a sumptuous volume giving an account of his family and himself, the main purpose being a study of the artist's father, and the relations between father and son. The book was enriched by 28 admirable full-page reproductions of paintings and drawings relevant to the subject. Apparently a good deal of public interest was aroused, for we have now a re-issue of the work by Macmillan & Co. Though reduced in size from the original edition, and containing only six of the twenty-eight illustrations, it forms a handsome volume, and cannot fail to prove acceptable to all interested in character and art. As the original edition was fully reviewed by Professor John Adams in the May, 1910, number of THE BOOKMAN, it is unnecessary to go into further details as to the subject-matter. A point of some interest is that while the original edition is boldly marked Volume I., there is no indication in this re-issue that there is to be a sequel. It is true that the last words of the book, "it may be as well to break the story of my life here," may be held to promise that there is to be a continuation. But on the other hand the work is certainly complete so far as it goes, and there is no suggestion of the broken shaft. Probably Sir Hubert will finish the book for his own satisfaction, and for private circulation. If this be so there is very little doubt but that a companion volume to the present will be called for by Messrs. Macmillan and welcomed by the public.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. NISBET & CO.

A too-little known hero, Colonel Francis Forde, is brought to our notice in a volume entitled **Lord Clive's Right Hand Man**, by Colonel Lionel Forde (5s. net). One of Clive's proofs of greatness lay in the fact that he knew how to choose men for the work he meant to accomplish. He certainly proved this knowledge in the case of young Forde, who had as yet given no display of his own powers. This volume makes stirring reading, for there was fierce fighting to be done in India and for India about the middle of the eighteenth century; and the chapter on the siege and capture of Masulipatam recalls Kipling's story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," for a panic occurred in the regiment and two native drummer-boys stood alone with an officer, and kept beating the Grenadiers' March. This book is a fine tribute to Forde's powers, and an interesting bit of lesser-known history.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

One may almost say that whatever Mr. T. Francis Bumpus does not know about cathedrals is not worth knowing. Out of a dozen volumes in "The Cathedral Series" seven stand to his credit alone. His new volume, **The Cathedrals of Northern France** (6s. net), has all the merits of his usual style; it is accurate, interesting, concise without appearing limited, correct without numbing the general reader with a surfeit of technicalities, and is most delicately illustrated.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

From Messrs. Digby, Long come two very readable novels. In **Desborough's Wife** (6s.) Mrs. L. T. Meade tells a good story—exciting, but not too sensational—in her best manner. The background of Irish country life is well sketched in, and as usual the author has not forgotten to develop her love-interest in a most thorough manner.

The House of Horror (6s.) lives up to its title, and introduces the reader to a maze of plots, counter-plots, Anarchist rumours, and marvellous motor-cars. And even if the hero does sometimes

"Hark! What was that? There is some one behind the door—watching!"

From "The House of Horror," by Robert Halifax. (Digby, Long & Co.)

seem rather a nervous young man, who falls in love with the mysterious and beautiful unknown more precipitately than is in keeping with his temperament, we are grateful to Mr. Robert Halifax for having given us a couple of hours of exciting and absorbing reading.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mrs. Stanley Wrench does not allow her novels to run over with sentimentality, and her new publication, **A Priestess of Humanity** (6s.), is vividly presented but never melodramatic. Her theme deals with a woman who is not sinless when we first meet her, but the authoress does not allow her story to run along conventional lines. The character of Margot seems slightly contradictory at times, but the end of the book leaves us well content with the issue and well pleased with the book's technique.

COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS.

On Windycross Moor (6s.), the story of "plain Jane" Penlee is told in Miss Mabel Quiller Couch's usual attractive and sympathetic style. It is a book all girls will thoroughly enjoy, for the very natural little heroine is sure to arouse the interest of every one of them. Nobody could help feeling sorry for the lonely little girl obliged to spend her summer holidays at school, until "Aunt Helen" arrives and takes her away to her beautiful home by the sea. Many wonderful and happy things happen there. But Jane's father returns at last from an exploring expedition, and she goes to live with him and her stepmother on Windycross Moor. The big, lonely moor is so vividly described that, for long after, the picture will remain in the reader's mind, and though portions of the book may be a little sad, there is not a dull page in it anywhere.

THE PRIORY PRESS.

John Herman Merivale was a prominent figure in London literary circles in the early years of last century. He numbered Byron, Campbell, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Joanna Baillie, and many another among his friends and acquaintance, and in these **Leaves from the Diary of a Literary Amateur**, by Edward H. A. Koch (2s. 6d. net), we get some very interesting glimpses of Merivale himself, and of the distinguished people who belonged to his circle. In some of his notes he conveys a wonderfully vivid impression of Edward Irving—not an altogether favourable one, though he was greatly moved by Irving's genius. He found Isaac D'Israeli rather a bore, and his picture of Campbell is not particularly flattering. The book has some excellent portraits and drawings, and makes some really useful additions to nineteenth-century literary gossip.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Mr. Wilfrid Thomason Grenfell, although a C.M.G. and the recipient of an honorary degree at Oxford, is perhaps better known in America than in this country. As a member of the staff of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen he has performed remarkable work among the scattered settlements along the shores of Labrador. In **Adrift on an Ice-Pan** (2s. net) he tells with modesty and simplicity the story of a terrible personal experience. The little book should be read by all who wish to realise the stuff that forms some of the makers of our Empire.

From the same publishers comes also **The Political Development of Japan, 1867-1909**, by George Etsujiro Uyehara (8s. 6d. net), a work which has been approved by the London University as a thesis for the Doctor of Science in the Faculty of Economics. The book evidences on every page a deep knowledge of its subject, it is written in excellent English, and is so interesting that it should appeal to the more thoughtful of the general public as well as to the student of Japan.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

Mr. H. A. Cody's name is new to us, but he can write vigorously, and shows considerable powers for the invention of moving incidents. **The Frontiersman** (6s. net) is a tale of the Yukon district, in which a medical missionary of the English Church figures as hero. The love-story is well managed, and the atmosphere of that semi-civilised country is cleverly obtained. The book has a strong religious interest, and it can be recommended.

The Chant of the Stone Wall, by Helen Keller (2s. 6d. net), is a remarkable achievement and revelation. The blank-verse lines of this poem stand for the vocal expression of the rough, uneven stones which, piled one upon another, stretch across New England. Miss Keller calls it "this scroll of stone"; "a chronicle wrought by praying workmen, the forefathers of our nation"; "this is New England's tapestry of stone." To read the poem, knowing nothing of the writer, is to be struck by the deep thought, the forceful expression, the inherent music of words. But when it is remembered that Miss Keller is blind, and deaf and dumb, there are lines and passages which will strike the reader as marvellous—lines full of colour—never seen—of sounds of birds and trees and grasses—never heard. By touch and by smell the wonders of the world have been revealed to this splendid woman, and splendidly has she used her gifts. Her poem is a mine of fine thought finely expressed.

THE CEDAR PRESS.

A dainty little book of **Poems**, by Laura Arkell (2s. net), is printed by hand and produced in white covers of admirable simplicity. The poems themselves, too, are marked by simplicity; they are sometimes meditative sometimes poignant, and always tuneful and distinctive.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO.

The dedication of Colonel Chambers's **Bussaco** (7s. 6d. net) forestalls the praises of the reviewer by quoting the commendation of Lord Roberts, who says of it, "It is most interesting, and a very valuable account of the Battle of Bussaco. The illustrations and photographs lend a special value to the work." On its literary side it is unpretentious, but it contains a great wealth of materials and is clearly the result of much painstaking and enthusiastic research. It is a book which cannot be neglected by future writers on the Peninsular Wars. The work is splendidly equipped with maps and diagrams and photographs, and while it appeals mainly to the student, the author has brought together many documents of the greatest general interest.

New Books of the Month.

FROM DECEMBER 10 TO JANUARY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BACON, BENJAMIN WISNER, D.D., LL.D.—The Founding of the Church. 1s. net .....(Constable)

HASTINGS, REV. JAMES, D.D.—The Great Texts of the Bible: St. Mark. 10s. (Subscription price, 6s. net) (T. & T. Clark)

HORTON, WILLIAM T.—The Way of the Soul: A Legend in Line and Verse. 48 Illustrations. With Foreword by Ralph Shirley .....(Rider)

MacDERMOTT, G. M., M.A., L.Th.—The Gospel according to St. John. 6d. and 1s. ..... (Wells Gardner)
More Philosophical Meditations: Intended as a Sequel to "Catholicism on a Philosophical Basis." By Various Authors. Compiled by an Old Etonian. Revised by Dr. Leonard Arthur Parry. Vol. I. 2s. 6d. net (Sonnenschein)
MUIR, WILLIAM, M.A., B.D., B.L.—Our Grand Old Bible: Being the Story of the Authorised Version of the English Bible, told for the Tercentenary Celebration. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Morgan & Scott)
SCOTT, ERNEST F., D.D.—The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel. 1s. net ..... (Constable)

FICTION.

ANDREW, STEPHEN.—Doctor Grey. 6s. ..... (Greening)
A PEER.—Theo. 6s. ..... (Long)
BIRMINGHAM, GEORGE A.—The Simpkins Plot. With Coloured Frontispiece. 2s. net ..... (Nelson)
BLYTH, JAMES.—A Complex Love Affair. 6s. ..... (Long)
BUCKROSE, J. E.—Down Our Street: a Provincial Comedy. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)
CAPES, BERNARD.—Gilead Balm, Knight Errant. With 8 Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Unwin)
CARTER, ADA (A. Channel).—Priest and Layman. 6s. (Laurie)
CASSIDY, JAMES.—Black Humphrey: A Story of the old Cornish Coaching and Kidnapping Days. 6s. (Walter Scott)
COBB, THOMAS.—Phillida. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)
CORNER, CAROLINE.—Crown, Coronet, and Clover. 6s. (Greening)
CROSS, VICTORIA.—Self and the Other. 6s. ..... (Laurie)
DORRINGTON, ALBERT.—Children of the Cloven Hoof. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)
FORSTER, R. H.—Midsummer Morn. 6s. ..... (Long)
FOX-DAVIES, A. C.—The Testament of John Hastings. 6s. (Long)
GOULD, NAT.—A Great Coup. 1s. net and 2s. ..... (Long)
HALIFAX, ROBERT.—The House of Horror. With Frontispiece. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
HARTLEY, PERCY J.—The Hand of Diane: a Romance of the Loire. 6s. ..... (Unwin)
HERBERTSON, JESSIE LECKIE.—Young Life. 6s. (Heinemann)
KRISHNA, BAL.—The Love of Kusuma: an Eastern Love Story. With Introduction by Victoria Cross. 6s. (Laurie)
LADY X.—The Diary of My Honeymoon. 6s. ..... (Long)
MACK, LOUISE.—The Romance of a Woman of Thirty. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
MACKENZIE, COMPTON.—The Passionate Elopement. 6s. (Secker)
MEADE, L. T.—Desborough's Wife. With Frontispiece. 6s. (Digby, Long)
MORRELL, DENIS.—A Wild West King: a Yarn of Adventure in Arizona. With Frontispiece by W. Dewar and 2 Illustrations from Photographs. 1s. net .. (Greening)
PENROSE, MRS. H. H.—Denis Trench: a Plotless History of How he Followed the Gleam and Worked out his own Salvation. 6s. ..... (Alston Rivers)
RAMSEY, OLIVIA.—The Other Wife. 6s. ..... (Long)
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.—Whirlpools: a Novel of Modern Poland. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal. 6s. ..... (Laurie)
Some Experiences of a Political Agent. 6s. .... (Mills & Boon)
SMITHES, MARION F.—Children of the Desert. With 8 Photographs by W. H. Edgar. 2s. .. (Curtis & Davison, 11a, Church Street, Kensington)
STEVENS, E. S.—The Mountain of God. With 8 Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Pam the Fiddler: a Tale of the Rising Brooks. 6s. ..... (Laurie)
THOMAS, ELWYN.—The Forerunner. With Frontispiece. 6s. ..... (Lynwood)
TREMEARNE, MARY and NEWMAN.—Fables and Fairy Tales for Littie Folk; or, Uncle Remus in Hausaland. (First Series.) With 10 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net (W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Disappearance of Nigel Blair. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
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